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## COMMENT OF THE DAY

### HARD TIMES

THERE are several reasons for the share market's chronic weakness. Commentators have listed recent falls on the New York market, last month's increase in interest rates, the flow of investment money to New York and the tension in the Middle East. But it is necessary to look back to August, 1956, to find the initial cause: it was the Big Three banks' decision to stop share market speculation.

It was said then and can be said again that that action—in two doses, it will be recalled—was too drastic. And on the assumption that it was introduced as a weapon against inflation, the higher interest rate was only partly effective—against the share market—but was inadequate to deal with all the forms in which inflation appeared.

Soon after the banks' action, the flow of money changed direction. Where formerly it had gone into the share market, much found its way into real estate, flats and the subdivision of flats into cubicles where high yields gave good profits despite high interest rates. This flow has grown to such an extent that today it is possible to say that speculation was squashed in one case only to reappear in a more virulent form elsewhere.

But the time is now ripe to ask whether it is right or fair that the share market should continue to be penalised under these circumstances. And if not, what action, if any, can the banks take to help? The recent rise in interest rates was necessitated by the raising of the British Bank rate. It was not directed at the share market specifically but the effect is the same. Though this action was possibly unavoidable it is necessary to plead for special cases and for adjustments to rates whenever conditions permit.

One point to be considered is whether a lower rate would apart from diverting some money to shares, materially increase the flow of speculative money into real estate. As long as there is no sign of a break in the boom it probably would. But anyway, banks are certain to claim they are not yet able to reduce rates. The market's only hope it seems is that a recession in real estate will coincide with a lowering in interest rates. At present, however, it is difficult to see what can be done.

## DECISIVE VOTE AGAINST PINAY

### French Assembly Rejects Him As Premier

Paris, Oct. 18.

The Conservative leader, M. Antoine Pinay was defeated in the Assembly tonight on a vote to invest him as Prime Minister.

The Premier Designate was defeated by 240 votes. There were 198 votes in favour and 60 voluntary abstentions.

### SYRIA GOES ON TO U.N. AGENDA

United Nations, Oct. 18. The Steering Committee of the United Nations General Assembly tonight voted to place on the Assembly's agenda a Syrian complaint against "threats to Syria's security."

The Steering Committee's vote was unanimous.

The Committee recommended that the Syrian complaint be discussed during a plenary session of the General Assembly. —France-Press.

### Sixth Fleet Arrives At Turkish Port

Istanbul, Oct. 18. Four warships of the United States Sixth Fleet, including the guided missile cruiser Canberra, arrived at the Turkish port of Izmir today on a courtesy visit.

The other ships were two destroyers and a naval transport.

They have been taking part in exercises in the East Central Mediterranean with other ships of the Sixth Fleet.

Other ships are paying similar visits to Spain, Greece and the Greek island of Rhodes. —Reuters.

Pinay, leader of the group of Independents, had been given little chance of winning Assembly approval, since the mainly Catholic Popular Republican movement, announced that it would abstain in the voting.

The Communists, Socialists and most members of the Radical-Socialist Party of ex-Premier Pierre Mendes-France, voted against Pinay.

The Independents, the Right-wing Poujadists and the Communist Radical-Socialists provided most of the support for the Premier Designate.

### New Move

There were reports that President Rene Coty would now call on the leaders of the three largest "authentic" parties—the Independents, the Socialists and the Popular Republicans—to confer jointly on ways of forming a stable Government.

Political circles speculated that a compromise choice for the next Premier Designate might be found in the former Foreign Minister, Robert Schuman, or the former Finance Minister, Pierre Poincaré, both of the M.R.P.—Reuters and France-Press.

### U.S. Ban On Muggeridge

Washington, Oct. 18. A Washington television station today said it would refuse to carry a live interview which its parent network plans to hold with Mr. Malcolm Muggeridge, former editor of Punch, in New York tomorrow night.

An article by Mr. Muggeridge criticising the monarchy was published this week by the Saturday Evening Post.

"We consider it in questionable taste to telecast any programme that might cast a shadow over the visit of her gracious Majesty to the nation's capital," a spokesman said. —China Mail Special.

### Adenauer Going To London

London, Oct. 18. The West German Federal Chancellor, Dr. Konrad Adenauer, is expected to visit London next month for talks with the Prime Minister, Mr. Harold Macmillan, on current world problems, an unusually well-informed source said here today. —Reuters.

## Governor Holding Talks On Voluntary Quotas?

Harrogate, Oct. 18.

The President of the Board, Sir David Eccles said today the Governor of Hongkong Sir Alexander Grantham "is now in consultation with prominent members of the local cotton industry" on the question of exports to Britain.

Although Sir David did not specifically say what proposal Sir Alexander Grantham had put to cotton industry leaders in Hongkong he added: "We must all hope that these discussions will help Sir Cuthbert Clegg in his further talks with the Indian and Pakistani leaders."

Sir David said: "Sir Cuthbert Clegg has been trying patiently to get voluntary agreements with India and Pakistan and we have been encouraging him."

"I have informed Sir Cuthbert Clegg that, if the Lancashire industry could reach agreement with the industries in India and Pakistan about the level of their exports to the United Kingdom, then if the governments of those countries were to ask the United Kingdom Government to police the

industry agreements by import controls the United Kingdom Government would be prepared to do this.

"Such administrative action to implement an agreement between the industries on both sides would not, of course, be in any way a derogation from the general principles of Commonwealth trade that I have alluded to."

"But when we turn to exports from Hongkong, special difficulties arise. Hongkong is one of Her Majesty's colonies, for which

we are trustees, and all of us in this country have a responsibility to foster the welfare of its people and to set an example to others less generously disposed towards them."

"The Governor of Hongkong is now in consultation with prominent members of the local industry."

"We must all hope that these discussions will help Sir Cuthbert Clegg in his further talks with the Indian and Pakistani leaders."

### The Trouble

Sir David Eccles who was addressing the conference of the Cotton Board now taking place in Harrogate, said "no one could foresee" the trouble that would result from imposing new tariffs or quotas on imports of Commonwealth textiles.

Sir David Eccles said "the cotton industry had every reason to be grateful, as he had, for the patient skill with which Sir Cuthbert Clegg and his friends had been ready to explore all possible ways of getting some voluntary arrangement with the Indian and Pakistani industries."

He added: "It would be wrong if I did not make plain to you once more the Government's position. For Her Majesty's Government to impose new tariffs or quotas on Commonwealth goods would be a major change in policy. "No one could foresee into what trouble such a course would lead us."

### Prime Object

"As you know, the expansion of Commonwealth trade is a prime object of all British Governments. It is beyond dispute that the nations and territories of the Commonwealth can help each other by buying more from each other."

"This is not a pious hope, but a very practical proposition which we are to discuss at next year's Commonwealth trade and economic conference."

"With this conference in the offing it would be particularly unpropitious and unwise to impose by unilateral action restrictions on Commonwealth imports into the United Kingdom."

"But as both the spokesman of your industry and the government itself have recognised, it would be a very different thing if in the special circumstances of the trade in Asian cotton goods the export to the United Kingdom could be regulated and stabilised by voluntary agreement between the industries."

"I go further and say that in the long run it is in the interests of Commonwealth countries themselves that some such voluntary agreements are made."

—Reuters.

## UNUSUAL CHARGE BROUGHT AGAINST DOCTOR

New York, Oct. 18.

A million dollar damage suit filed against a Brooklyn doctor yesterday charges that a nine-year-old boy acquired the sex urges and characteristics of a mature man because of a "reckless" prescription of male sex hormones.

The suit was filed for the boy and his father in Brooklyn Supreme Court by attorney Harry J. Lysig. Neither the father nor the son were identified by name.

The suit charged Dr. J. Philip Lombard "did recklessly prescribe medicine, drugs, chemicals and compounds, which contained a form of male sex hormones, 'Testosterone' for the boy, in 1952, when the boy was four years old."

The prescriptions caused the boy to be "afflicted by a strong sex urge" and "his way of living and acting have been severely and injuriously affected and he has suffered and continues to suffer great mental pain and has been greatly embarrassed and has caused great embarrassment to his family."

The suit charged Lombard had treated the boy for enlarged tonsils, continuous colds, and possible allergies. —United Press.

## JAPANESE VIEW OF MONARCHY

Melbourne, Oct. 18.

Australians were dominated too much by Britain and the royal family, said Mr. Jichiro Matsumoto, a member of the Japanese Social Democratic party, in an interview with the Melbourne Sun news pictorial published today.

Mr. Matsumoto, a member of the Diet, was quoted as saying through an interpreter: "Australia should pay much more attention to Asian countries. Instead of England and Europe. Our country's policy should be much more closely allied to that of Japan and the rest of Asia."

Royalty in all forms was "useless and wasteful," he said. —Reuters.

### Send UN Troops

Ottawa, Oct. 18. Mr. Lester Pearson suggested in the Canadian House of Commons today that deployment of United Nations Emergency Force troops along the Syrian-Turkish border be considered at the United Nations. —China Mail Special.

### Sputnik Has Split Nose

Philadelphia, Oct. 18. The nose-tip of the rocket which carried "Sputnik" into outer space, and which is now travelling ahead of it in its orbit around the earth, seems to have a gaping rift in its leading edge, according to a photograph taken by a rocket expert here. —France-Press.

## Best Tips For Today's Valley Races

By "Rapier"

RACE 1

Happy Warrior  
Curtsey  
Full-of-Spirit  
Outsider:—Orange Beauty.

RACE 2

Isfahan  
Alex's Gift  
Curtain Calls  
Outsider:—Reyaz.

RACE 3

Pandora  
Mercury  
Ben Lemon  
Outsider:—Norso King.

RACE 4

King Rider  
Constellation  
Co-ordination  
Outsider:—Yin Chi.

RACE 5

Splendid  
Jezebel  
Cavalry  
Outsider:—Free Success.

RACE 6

Quizette  
Appaloosa  
Armament  
Outsider:—Scrubo.

RACE 7

Amipola  
Pot O'Gold  
Cyrus  
Outsider:—Kentucky Lad.

RACE 8

Gladiolus  
Beautiful Phoenix  
John Halifax  
Outsider:—Midgit.

RACE 9

Million Dollar  
Orange King  
Hyrin C  
Outsider:—Flying Dutchman.

RACE 10

Tai Ping Shan  
Bayshore  
Don Juan  
Outsider:—Vigorous Ava.

By "The Turf"

RACE 1

Full-of-Spirit  
Happy Warrior  
Orange Beauty  
Outsider:—Curtsey.

RACE 2

Isfahan  
Curtain Calls  
Alex's Gift  
Outsider:—Nowington.

RACE 3

Mercury  
Pandora  
Raja  
Outsider:—Barrington.

RACE 4

Co-ordination  
Good Condition  
Yin Chi  
Outsider:—Appreciation.

RACE 5

Splendid  
Cavalry  
Jezebel  
Outsider:—Esquire.

RACE 6

Quizette  
Scrabo  
Marino Charger  
Outsider:—My Pal.

RACE 7

Pot O'Gold  
Amipola  
Kentucky Lad  
Outsider:—Amethyst.

RACE 8

No. 1  
Shillong  
Midgit  
Outsider:—John Halifax.

RACE 9

Million Dollar  
Flying Dutchman  
Thousand Miles  
Outsider:—Orange King.

RACE 10

Don Juan  
Ol Lok Princess  
Tai Ping Shan  
Outsider:—Bayshore.

### TODAY'S TEASER TIP

for Race 7

Young man from the Blue Grass country. Last meeting's teaser was Scarlet which was unplaced.

## New Aga Khan Would Like To Go Back To Harvard

Dar-es-Salaam, Oct. 18.

Prince Karim said today on the eve of his installation as the new Aga Khan that he would like to return to Harvard University but doubted whether he could.

"I am not sure my responsibilities will allow it," he said.

But "if I can I will." The 20-year-old youth who left Harvard when his grandfather Aga Khan III died two months ago will be formally installed tomorrow in a simple ceremony performed by his stepmother, the Begum. —United Press.

**The Kenwood Chef**  
£28.9.0 IN HONGKONG  
£40.0.0 IN THE U.K.  
The world's most VERSATILE Kitchen Machine.  
Your Servant Modern.  
THE KENWOOD ELECTRIC CO. LTD.  
Sheffield, England. (In Hong Kong: 25-27, Queen's Road, Central.)

See beautiful Britain in a beautiful **HILLMAN MINX**  
Book Your Home Leave Car Now  
GILMAN MOTORS  
City Road, Hong Kong. Tel. 2522. (In Hong Kong: 25-27, Queen's Road, Central.)

**WILLIAMS & HUMBERT'S DRY SACK**  
The World Famous Sherry  
SPAIN'S BEST  
the favorite Medium Dry Sherry in Spain and of course everywhere.



# KING'S PRINCESS

## SHOWING TO-DAY

3 SHOWS AT 2.00, 5.30 & 9.00 P.M.  
AT REGULAR ADMISSION PRICES!

THE GREATEST NOVEL WRITTEN... ALIVE ON THE SCREEN!



PARAMOUNT PRESENTS  
AUDREY HEPBURN  
HENRY FONDA  
MEL FERRER  
VISTAVISION  
CASSMAN LON HOKKAKA KOBAYASHI  
DINO DE LAURIENTIS KING VIDOR  
JOHN MILLS  
BASED ON THE NOVEL  
TEST AND PLAYS BY LEO TOLSTOY  
TECHNICOLOR

SPECIAL MATINEES TO-MORROW  
(All At Reduced Prices)

At 11.00 a.m. M-G-M present an  
Entirely Different Programme of  
**TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS**  
with "TOM & JERRY" Etc. Etc.

KING'S at 12.10 p.m. PRINCESS at 12.20 p.m.  
The Marx Bros. in Clayton Moore in  
"A NIGHT AT THE OPERA" "THE LONE RANGER"  
in WarnerColor

SPECIAL HOLIDAY MATINEE: MONDAY, OCT. 21  
KING'S at 11.30 p.m. M-G-M present  
Jean Simmons • GRANGER • DEBORAH • CHARLES  
SIMMONS • GRANGER • DEBORAH • CHARLES  
KERR • LAUGHTON in  
**"YOUNG BESS"**

PRINCESS at 11.30 a.m. M-G-M's All-time Great!  
Textbook Story for 1958 HK School-Leaving Certificate  
Examination English Language Paper 4:

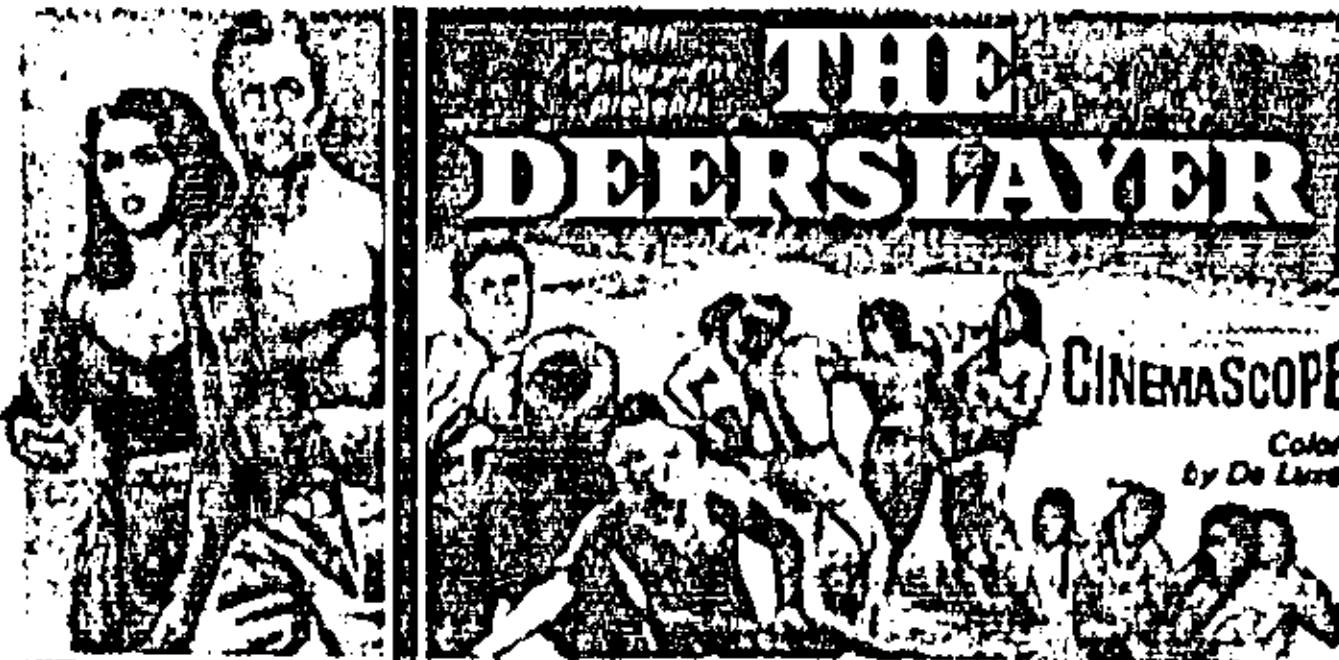
**"DR. JEKYLL & MR. HYDE"**

Starring Spencer Tracy • Ingrid Bergman • Lana Turner

# ROXY & BROADWAY

SHOWING TO-DAY  
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 AND 9.30 P.M.

Last of the Great Mohicans... First of the Great Pioneers!



Starring: Lox BARKER • Rita MORENO  
FERRIS TUCKER • Cathy O'DONNELL

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW  
ROXY: At 12.00 Noon 20th Century-Fox presents  
"AIDA" In Technicolor  
Starring: Sophia LOREN  
Lois MAXWELL At Reduced Prices  
BROADWAY: At 11.00 a.m. RKO Radio  
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS  
At Reduced Prices  
BROADWAY: At 12.30 p.m.  
Extra Performance of  
"THE DEERSLAYER"  
At Usual Prices

# CAPITOL RITZ

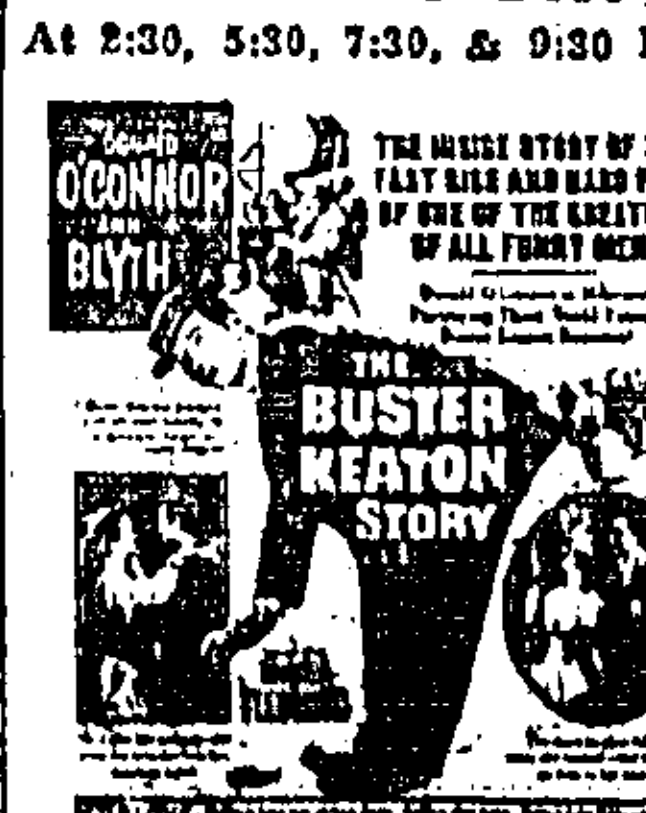
TO-DAY  
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

DEAN JERRY  
MARTIN-LEWIS



TO-MORROW  
George M. COHAN • JERRY MARTIN-LEWIS  
in "MONEY FROM HOME"  
Cinemascope • Technicolor

FINAL TO-DAY  
At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30, & 9.30 P.M.



TO-MORROW  
Victor MATURE & AMIE EKBERG  
in  
**"INTERNATIONAL POLICE"**

# FILMS

## CURRENT & COMING

### by ANTHONY FULLER

### The Vintage

Sitting down to think about it, I cannot recall a vineyard being used as the background of any film, which is strange considering the considerable literature associated with the harvesting of the grape.

"The Vintage" M-G-M's release, now showing at the Hoover and Liberty takes us right to the South of France, into the grape country. As the film is made in colour, there is considerable beauty in the setting. Pausing for a moment, the literature I am able to bring to my mind associated with vineyards recalls violence, passion, and destruction. "The Vintage" is no exception.

The theme of the picture is one of conflicting emotions. One is of the loyalty of a man to his younger brother who is wanted for murder, the second is his love for a girl who is denied him.

Mel Ferrer and John Kerr play the two brothers, Giancarlo and Ernesto who escape from the police by crossing the border from Italy into France after Ernesto has killed a man who has brutally beaten a girl.

Like the hop-pickers in Kent, there exists an itinerant band of vineyard workers who descend on the farmers at harvest time. The brothers join this band, and then the plot unfolds. Pier Angeli is the young farm girl who falls in love with Ferrer. But Ferrer in his romantic role feels he cannot return this love, for he persuades himself that somehow he is a herald of unhappiness.

John Kerr, who we saw in "Tea and Sympathy" brings all the intensity he displayed in that part to this picture as the highly-strung younger brother. "The Vintage" is a picture that is colourful, exciting, and with a delayed suspense, against the background of the grape harvest. Jeffrey Hayden directs the picture. It is a well-known T.V. Director, and this is his debut as a film director.

The Deerslayer  
"The Deerslayer," Twentieth Century-Fox CinemaScope production, now showing at the Roxy and the Broadway, has arrived too late in my life to receive the appreciation from me that it deserves. Filmed in Colour by De

Luxe, the screen is literally filled with a sweeping landscape of wild beauty that will haunt the day dreams of every schoolboy.

There I give myself away. For as I see it, "The Deerslayer" is the perfect picture for such boys who are conservative enough to prefer the tomahawk to the space-gun.

I went so far as to suggest that the distributors hold it over until the Christmas holidays, but they can't.

You must have read the story sometime. James Fenimore Cooper was the very first of the American writers to aim at realism in this kind of writing. A story goes that he was so annoyed by the imaginary writing of Europeans who had never visited the wild country,

in those days just beyond New York State, that he hung the book down and said he could write a better one himself. He did too, "The Deerslayer," which sets a theme so familiar to movie goals of modern days.

"The Deerslayer" is a bad, blood-thirsty Indian injustice towards the Indians. You've seen it a thousand times since. You have a right to ask them, on what grounds do I recommend this effort?

First it is James Fenimore Cooper's classic brought to the screen. Secondly, it is beautifully filmed against a background that could never be caught by the mind's eye from the pages of the book.

It is without doubt the picture the family can attend. If you want to know where to take the children, there's no need to look any further. Director Kurt Neumann has taken his task very seriously and assembled a fine cast with Lex Barker in the title role, Rita Moreno and Carlos Rivas return as two lovers for whom the movie will wait. Six-foot-four Tucker is the shady trader, while Cathy O'Donnell provides the stupid exasperation necessary to these films.

Joy C. Flippen gives the twist I had forgotten when he does a bit of quid pro quo by scolding the Indians. As it is in colour, all the gore flows bright and red. But children are as pleased about this as parents are at times squeamish, and hunting knives, and blood-stained arrows are all part of a healthy boy's mental inventory.

War and Peace  
I have two films left to review, but as one is "Battle Hymn," and my review is so recent, I merely say that the picture is being shown for a second week-end at the Metropole and Star.

The next film for reviewing is "War and Peace," which returns to the King's and Princess. Such a film is worth a second review, if only to bring out certain themes a first review necessarily leaves untouched.

First of all, I noticed that most readers of Tolstoy found something missing from the film, yet I heard none say what it was. As a film I found it a magnificent historical spectacle, also it is most authentic in the disposition of the armies when they drew up order for battle.

But such historical accuracy was not so much Tolstoy's intention. His aim was threefold: to give an epic picture of the invasion of Russia during the Napoleonic Wars; to present his theory of history; to explain his own personal philosophy in relation to God and the material world.

I should say that this picture succeeds only in dealing with the first theme. Few pictures I can think of have surpassed this as a spectacle.

Mel Ferrer has to carry the second and third themes. To say that Ferrer fails to do so would be unfair, the part does not allow him sufficient scope, and the more thoughtful "Cinema goer" is bound to ask, "What is it all about?"

I began to read Tolstoy while I was still at school, but as I have grown older, I find my first findings merely confirmed.

## New Films

### At A Glance

HOOPER & LIBERTY:  
"The Vintage": Two brothers who escape from the police by crossing the border from Italy into France after Ernesto has killed a man who has brutally beaten a girl.

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA:  
"Hellcats of the Navy": A story of a submarine exploit in the mid-19th century, off Japan, Ronald Reagan, Nancy Davis, and Arthur Franz.

KING'S & PRINCESS:  
"War and Peace": Tolstoy's masterpiece brought to the screen. Audrey Hepburn, Henry Fonda, and Mel Ferrer.

ROXY & BROADWAY:  
"The Deerslayer": James Fenimore Cooper's Adventure classic presented in CinemaScope and Colour De Luxe. Lex Barker, Rita Moreno, Carlos Rivas, and Cathy O'Donnell.

STAR & METROPOLE:  
"Battle Hymn": A sensitive study of a true incident in the life of Colonel Dean Hess, moves into a second week showing. Hudson, Martha Hyer, and Dan Duruya, and Anna Kashfi.

### COMING

HOOPER & LIBERTY:  
"Lisbon": A tale of intrigue in that colourful city. Ray Milland, Maureen O'Hara, Claude Rains, and Yvonne Furneaux.

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA:  
"The Curse of Frankenstein": A horror from the British Stables by Warner Bros. Peter Cushing, Hazel Court, and Robert Urquhart.

KING'S & PRINCESS:  
"Mac in the Vault": A thriller, suspense, and Ekberg. William Campbell, Karen Sharpe, and Anita Ekberg.

ROXY & BROADWAY:  
"The Three Faces of Eve": A drama of the mind, taken from an actual life story. Joanne Woodward, David Wayne, Lee J. Cobb.

STAR & METROPOLE:  
"The Killing": An exciting suspense-packed story of a Sterling Hayden, Colleen Gray, and Vince Edwards.

# ORIENTAL MAJESTIC

TO-DAY  
At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

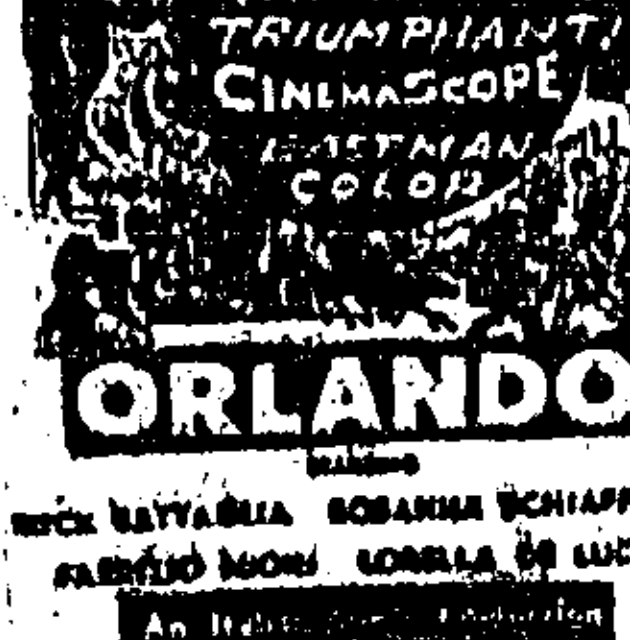
The Year's most sensational performance... You may never again see anything so shocking as this picture!



TO-MORROW  
Morning Show To-Morrow 12.30  
"THE GIRL IN THE RED VELVET SWING"

TO-DAY  
At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

It will shock you out of your seat!



SUNDAY MORNING SHOW  
"THE GOLDEN BLADE"  
(KIDNAPING)

As a philosopher, he dives very deep and comes up very muddy.

I can only think that the philosophy of the book was too tortuous to weave into any film, the Director therefore death the spectacle, and leave Ferrer a spectator merely, commenting without reaching conclusions.

Maxim Gorki said of Tolstoy and his philosophy, "His surroundings become like a desert where everything is scorched by the sun and the sun itself is smoldering away, threatening a black and eternal night."

That is what I mean. For hours this wonderful film presents its vivid picture of history while Fonda, Audrey Hepburn, and Ferrer move against those epic years. The film ceases, and one is left in the dark.

Naval Hellcats  
Admiral Nimitz comes to the screen in "Hellcats of the Navy" now showing at the Queen's and Alhambra, to introduce the picture. I cannot think what useful purpose this film serves, for it is really a documentary and the reason Nancy Davis appears is merely according to the axiom that people won't look at pictures which contain no feminine role.

Admiral Nimitz tells us that he gave his consent to an operation that took these selected submarines and crew into a most hazardous adventure. The target was the mine-infested waters around Japan, and the picture deals with the calculated risk a submarine Commander took.

It is exciting in its way, particularly in the depth charge sequences, but to me, there seemed an air of unreality about the whole thing. For one thing, I find you can never get the minor members of a cast to give a realistic study of a group who feel they are written off. You can get single character portraits, but the group effort is too much of a mismatch.

What I really want to say is, I with the Cinema would leave war alone. When we realise that whole towns know what it is to fall below while bombs are falling on them, we do not need pictures to recapture, however artificially, those tense moments on or under the sea, anywhere else.

Again, any serviceman would tell you that the landing party from the submarine would have been wiped out before they had run many yards as they do in the film.

Nevertheless, for those who don't know the real thing, there is much in this picture to thrill them, but what sickens me is the neurotic kid who gings bitter phrases at his C.O. Did this take place so often in the U.S. forces? It happens in almost every picture I've seen dealing with war from the U.S. angle.

Ronald Reagan gives a nice cool performance as the submarine commander, and if he had put his temperamental 2 1/2 on a fizzer, I should have enjoyed the picture more.

Nancy Davis has no real part in the show, just a few scenes stuck in, and they don't fit very well.

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW  
STAR: At 11.00 a.m. Walt Disney's  
Feature Length Technicolor Cartoon  
"PINOCCHIO"  
At Reduced Prices

STAR: At 12.30 p.m. M.G.M. presents  
in CINEMASCOPE & COLOR  
"THE STUDENT PRINCE"  
Starring: Edmund PURDOM  
Ann BLYTH  
At Reduced Prices

METROPOLE: At 12.30 p.m. Faith Domergue  
in  
"THIS ISLAND EARTH"  
A Universal Picture  
At Reduced Prices

## BRITISH RED CROSS SOCIETY

HONG KONG BRANCH

## GALA FILM PREMIERE

UNDER THE DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE OF  
HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR  
SIR ALEXANDER GRANTHAM G.C.M.G.  
AND LADY GRANTHAM

Darryl F. Zanuck's Production of  
Ernest Hemingway's

## "THE SUN ALSO RISES"

Starring  
Tyrone Power, Ava Gardner, Mel Ferrer, Errol Flynn,  
Julietta Greco and Gregory Ratoff  
Released through 20th Century Fox

AT THE

## ROXY THEATRE

THURSDAY, 31st OCTOBER, 1957  
AT 9.40 P.M.

Overture by the Band of the 1st Bn. The Green Howards  
By Kind Permission of Lieutenant Colonel H. A. Styles

LOGE AND DRESS CIRCLE \$10.00 ON SALE AT  
MOUTRIE'S, Chater Road.

FRONT AND BACK STALLS \$3.00 ON SALE AT  
INTERNATIONAL ENGINEERING LTD., Alexandra Arcade.

## QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

★ FINAL TO-DAY ★



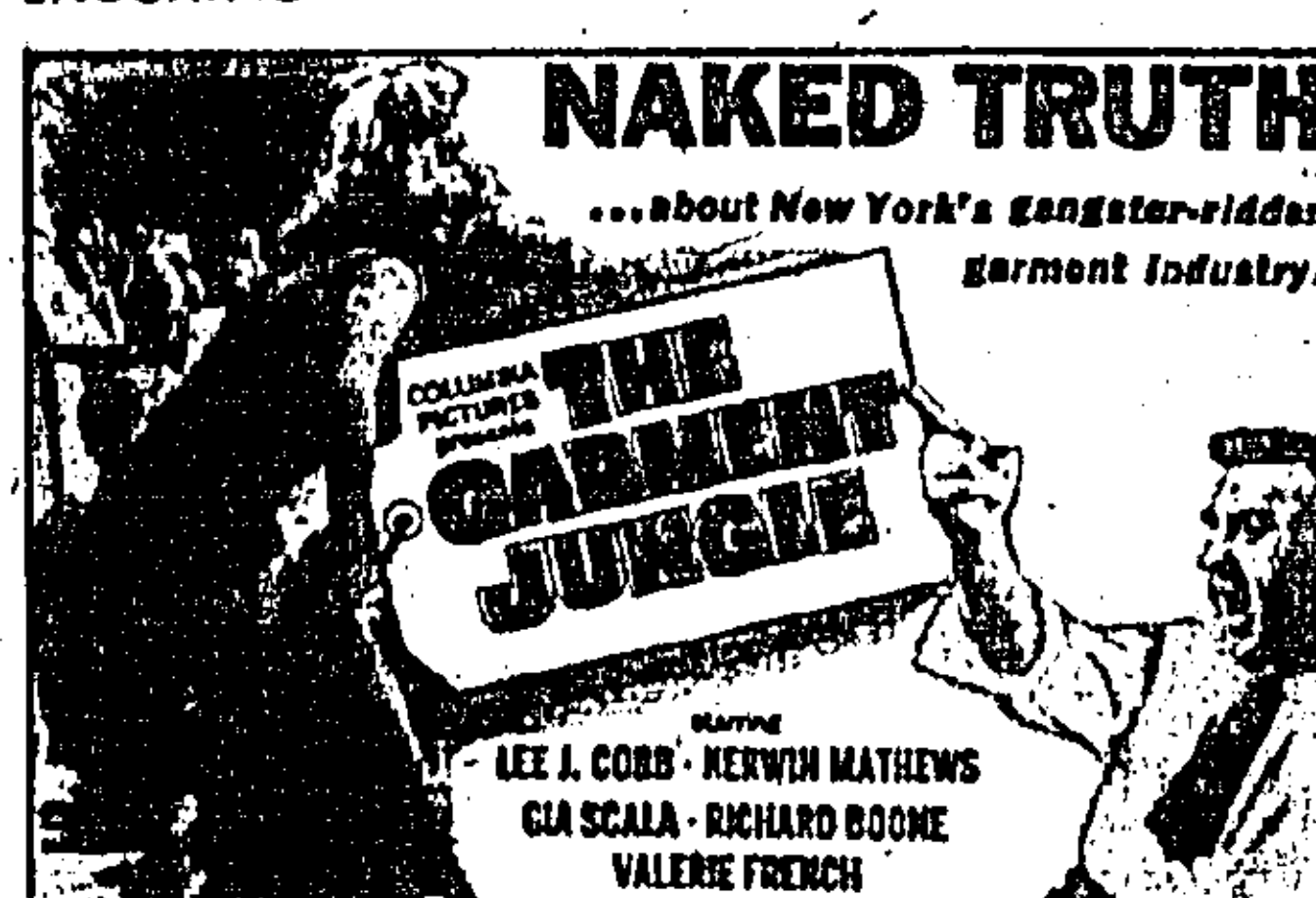
ADDED: LATEST CAUMONT-BRITISH NEWS!  
MAN'S FIRST STEP INTO THE SPACE AGE  
COLF-BRITAIN'S RYDER CUP VICTORY  
ETC., ETC., ETC.

★ OPENING TO-MORROW ★

QUEEN'S: 5 SHOWS

EXTRA PERFORMANCE AT 11.30 A.M.

FILMED BY THE COMPANY THAT CAVE YOU  
"ON THE WATERFRONT" AND WITH THE SAME  
SHOCKING REALISM!



## STAR THEATRE METROPOLE

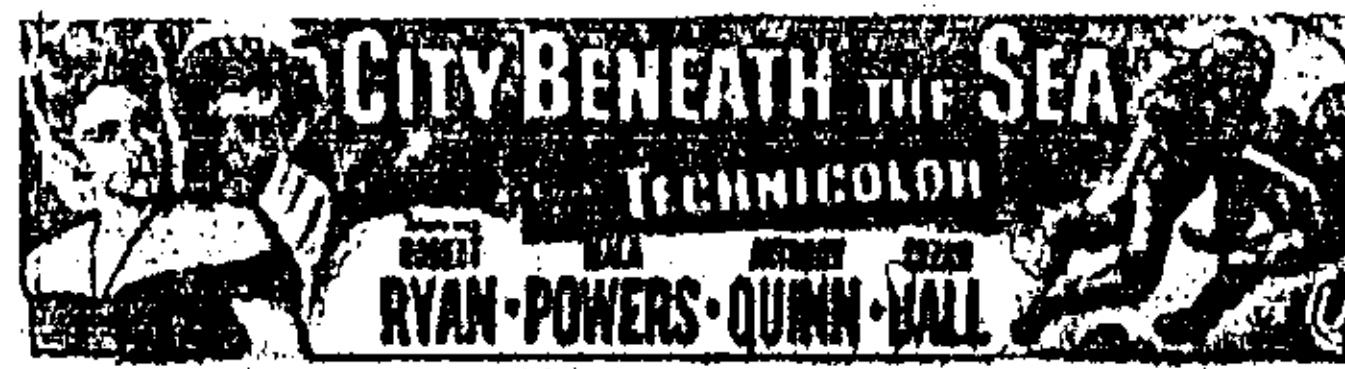
2nd TRIUMPHANT WEEK!  
NOW SHOWING THE 9th DAY!  
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 AND 9.30 P.M.



TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW  
STAR: At 11.00 a.m. Walt Disney's  
Feature Length Technicolor Cartoon  
"PINOCCHIO"  
At Reduced Prices

STAR: At 12.30 p.m. M.G.M. presents  
in CINEMASCOPE & COLOR  
"THE STUDENT PRINCE"  
Starring: Edmund PURDOM  
Ann BLYTH  
At Reduced Prices

METROPOLE: At 12.30 p.m. Faith Domergue  
in  
"THIS ISLAND EARTH"  
A Universal Picture  
At Reduced Prices



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SPECIAL SUNDAY MATINEE: REDUCED ADMISSION  
HOOPER at 12.00 noon Tony Curtis  
Pier Angeli in "SON OF ALI BAB" in  
LIBERTY at 12.30 p.m. David Brian  
John Kerr in "BREAKTHROUGH"



Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

# THEY TALK OF VENUS BY 1967!

## Soviet Scientists Lift The Veil On Their Space Plans

### THE ROCKET THAT LOST THE SPACE RACE



This is the American satellite that hasn't yet reached space. On the left is the actual "moon" that will encircle the earth. This is contained in the middle portion of the rocket (centre). On the right is the rocket mounted on the complicated launching equipment.

## "Sputnik II" To Go Up In Three Weeks?

**Moscow.** RUSSIAN scientists put aside their usual reticence recently and hinted at their space programme for the next ten years.

First, there will be more, heavier, and better-equipped earth satellites. The next will probably go up on November 7, the 40th anniversary of the Soviet Revolution.

Then says Professor Yevgeni Fodorov, in charge of a programme, there will be an attempt to send up projectiles that will return to earth undamaged.

A robot-operated device which used the air as a brake would stop it from burning out as it returned through the atmosphere.

Eventually manned satellites will be launched as intermediate rocket platforms.

### Space Refuelling

Another sort of satellite would leave the earth's orbit and become an independent body revolving round the sun. A speed of about seven miles a second, compared with five miles a second of the present satellite, would be needed.

Scientists are working on a space-refuelling system in case the multi-stage rockets now in use could not reach that speed.

### Earth-Bound

A refuelling rocket would be guided to the satellite when it was still in its earth-bound orbit. Another charge of fuel would enable it to break away from earth completely.

If this system worked it would open the way to landing "laboratories" on the moon and eventually on Venus and Mars.

### TV Cameras

A television transmitter and other instruments on satellites guided from the earth would roll out of missiles on landing. Mr Y. S. Khebtsevich, the initiator of this project, thinks an unmanned expedition to the moon can be made between 1960 and 1965 to Venus and Mars by 1967.

## HORSE HURTLER IN—LADY LEAPS OUT

Epinal, France. A horse hurtled in through the window of an Epinal druggist the other day carrying the store's lady proprietor so much that she jumped out by another window and hurt herself.

It wasn't the horse's fault. He had been harnessed to a cart heavily loaded with wood, which suddenly got going too fast down a steep street in front of the pharmacy.

Rolling at top speed the cart crashed into the store's wall and dipped the horse in through the window.

Madame Zoro, the lady druggist, thought first when she saw the horse coming and leaped out of an unoccupied window.

She is being treated for serious bruises. The horse was led out of the drugstore by the front door.—United Press.

## Telegraphic Tabloids

Memphis, Tenn. A doctor's description of the plaintiff's injury in a damage suit was a big too vivid, and a mistrial was declared after one of the jurors collapsed.—United Press.

Washington. Economist Dr Louise Somner, 68, slipped out of the Library of Congress after research on international finance and was bowled over by a monetary problem. A thief knocked her down and stole her purse containing \$35.—United Press.

Chicago. Frank La Salle knew exactly what he wanted to do upon retiring from 59 years working in the union railroad freight house. He decided to take a ride on a passenger train.—United Press.

Corpus Christi, Tex. Police yesterday halted the demolition of a \$250,000 steel building.

The wreckers, three youngsters aged 12 to 14, said they were tearing off corrugated iron to build a clubhouse.—United Press.

Rome. Italian taxpayers had their best news in years yesterday. Italy's tax collectors decided to go on strike for eight days, October 10-18, when the next tax instalment is due.—United Press.

Baton Rouge, La. A thief who figured it was better to receive than to give robbed the United Savers Fund office.—United Press.

## Kills A Man, Dances On Grave

Koki, Western Buganda. Natives here were telling the story recently of an elephant which was not satisfied with killing his man—he came back and danced on the grave.

The story they told was of an African peasant who tried to drive off an elephant who had been waxing fat on his crops. The animal turned on him and killed him. The peasant's family buried the man near his hut, heaping the earth over him.

That night, they said, the elephant, who had been wounded by a spear thrust before he killed the peasant, returned. The family heard the beast's screams of rage coming from the garden plot.

They hurried to their hut, frightened at the trembling of the earth as the elephant stamped its feet.

Next morning they found that the elephant had stamped the grave, making flat.—United Press.

## TRIP TO THE STARS? BOOK A SEAT NOW

### No Jokers Need Apply

Flushed with the success of Russia's man-made moon, the world's scientists now predict space trips to the stars by humans within the lifetime of the present generation.

But a far-sighted Travel agency in Australia has gone one better.

Incorporated as the "World Travel Headquarters Pty. Ltd.", they advertised in an influential Sydney newspaper recently for "advance bookings on inter-stellar services."

An advertisement in the sober "Sydney Morning Herald" was headed "Travel To The Moon," and read:

"We are prepared to register advance bookings for Lunar travel on behalf of serious-minded people—or their nominees."

### Lunar Travel

"We are the accredited agents in Australia for all inter-stellar air carriers, including those most likely to develop inter-stellar services within the foreseeable future."

"Advance bookings will be accepted, subject to the terms and conditions laid down by inter-stellar carriers prior to departure dates and times being announced."

"Local transportation to blast-off stations in Australia, America or Russia will be arranged to connect. Alternatively, if you have decided to travel anywhere next year, by sea or air... Book Now!"

### TRAVEL TO THE MOON.

We are prepared to register advance bookings for Lunar travel on behalf of serious-minded people—or their nominees.

We are the accredited agents in Australia for all inter-stellar air carriers, including those most likely to develop inter-stellar services within the foreseeable future.

Advance bookings will be accepted, subject to the terms and conditions laid down by inter-stellar carriers prior to departure dates and times being announced.

Local transportation to blast-off stations in Australia, America or Russia will be arranged to connect. Alternatively, if you have decided to travel anywhere next year, by sea or air... Book Now!"

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## PRESUMPTUOUS OF THEM

Paris. An Italian Chatterer locked up where no women can get at him recently after pleading that the only reason he was in court on a confidence racket charge was that "all the women fall in love with me."

Marcello di Cosimo, who was sentenced to two years in prison and 500,000 francs fine, added:

"That's the trouble with French girls. They think right away about marriage. When you speak gently to them they think you're going to marry them."—United Press.

## Doesn't Trust Banks—AND ALMOST LOSES FORTUNE IN A SACK

Newark, N.J. A grateful 65-year-old woman recently left for safekeeping in police headquarters \$20,000 which detectives found in her closet one night after she reported it stolen.

Mrs Jennie Radowski hysterically called police to report theft of the money from the apartment into which she had moved a few hours before.

Detectives, searching through a maze of unpacked cartons and suitcases, found the money in a tailored paper sack in a bedroom closet, beneath a heap of shoes and slippers.

The money was contained in scores of brown pay envelopes, each inscribed with the amount of cash contained. The amounts in the envelopes ranged up to \$100.

Mrs Radowski was taken to police headquarters where she supervised the counting of the money until the early morning hours.

She refused police pleas to deposit the money in a bank.

"No, I want to take it home with me. I don't trust banks," she said.

Finally, she relented and left the money in police safekeeping until she could deposit it.—United Press.

## IRATE NON-SMOKERS A PETITION FOR THE RIGHT TO 'PURE' AIR

London. BRITISH non-smokers have demanded that the Ministry of Health restore their "elementary right to breathe clean air."

## THE BOY WHO BLUSHED TO DEATH

London. NO one really noticed when Anthony Coupland blushed... except young Anthony himself.

He thought it was obvious to all the world. And he worried so much that he DIED.

It was 15 months ago when 10-year-old Anthony's face first began to go red when he met people.

He went to a psychiatrist, but it didn't seem to help. So he started to buy confidence pills.

Their "pop-up" effect lasted too long, for he found he could not sleep at night.

### Last step

The next step—and the last—for student nurse Anthony was sleeping tablets.

At the inquest his father, Mr Charles Alfred Coupland, said he collapsed in bed at their home in Edwinstowe-drive, Sherwood, Nottingham.

After his death in hospital Dr George Hall, a pathologist, found evidence of 17 aspirins.

"But he must have taken more," he said, for the tablets in his pocket were only mild.

And on the boy who died to spare his own blushes an Open verdict was recorded.

A deputation from the National Society of Non-Smokers took a petition to that effect to the Ministry recently. The deputation was headed by the Society's secretary, the Rev. H.V. Little.

Smokers have every right to ignore the warnings of the Medical Research Council and to continue to endanger their own lives, the petition said, but "they have no right at all to harm and endanger non-smokers."

### Disabilities

The petition listed the disabilities to which non-smokers were subjected "in almost every public place." They included "annoyance, discomfort, damage and illness."

### "No Longer"

It said non-smokers "refuse to be subjected any longer to such treatment," in the light of the Medical Research Council report.

The Rev. Mr Little said he led the delegation to the Ministry because the Ministry apparently took no action in relation to the public whose health it was supposed to safeguard.—United Press.

## Sho Shorry!

London. Thieves who blew two safes and took £100 from a school outfitters shop in London recently, have quite a sense of humour.

Between the two blown safes they left a tailor's dummy dressed in a school uniform with a glass of whiskey in her hand. A note tacked to her said: "I am sorry I had to do this—but I have five kids to keep."—United Press.

# 27 fathoms down

—and ROLEX Oyster still runs accurately as ever

Since 1956 all ROLEX and Tudor Oyster cases equipped with Twinlock crown have been guaranteed waterproof to an underwater depth of 165 ft.

To be truly waterproof a watch must have a screw-down crown. ROLEX are the world's only manufacturer of screw-down double safety Twinlock crown.

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Praised by tourists as an ideal Restaurant with pleasant atmosphere & all modern amenities.

Efficient service, tasteful & delicious dishes. —CARON is the only European restaurant in Hongkong offering all these things to visitors from near & far.

EUROPEAN & RUSSIAN DISHES  
EXCELLENT WINE & LIQUOR  
CONFECTIONERY & DELICATESSEN



# HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



ABOVE: Misses (from left) South Africa, Austria, Canada, and Luxembourg in London for the Miss World competitions.  
RIGHT: Nowt like growing your own... Lord Hailsham shows how with a motor plough on his Suzzox farm.  
BELOW: Brazilian heiress Norma Abbada and run away bridegroom Count Non-francesco Vinci (19) become Presbyterian and wed in one ceremony in Scotland. EXPRESS



Hymns to modern settings have doubled the congregation in Gorton near Manchester. Church swing music comes from a six piece band... piano, two guitars, drums, violin, and bass. Lord's Prayer, "Now thank we all our God", Psalms, and the Anglican Communion got a solid rhythm. The Agnus Dei was played as a beguine. But the Harvest Festival hymn "We plough the fields and scatter" was sung straight—it proved unswingable. The Church Six Piece—above. And (below) the Rev. Alfred Gower-Jones. EXPRESS

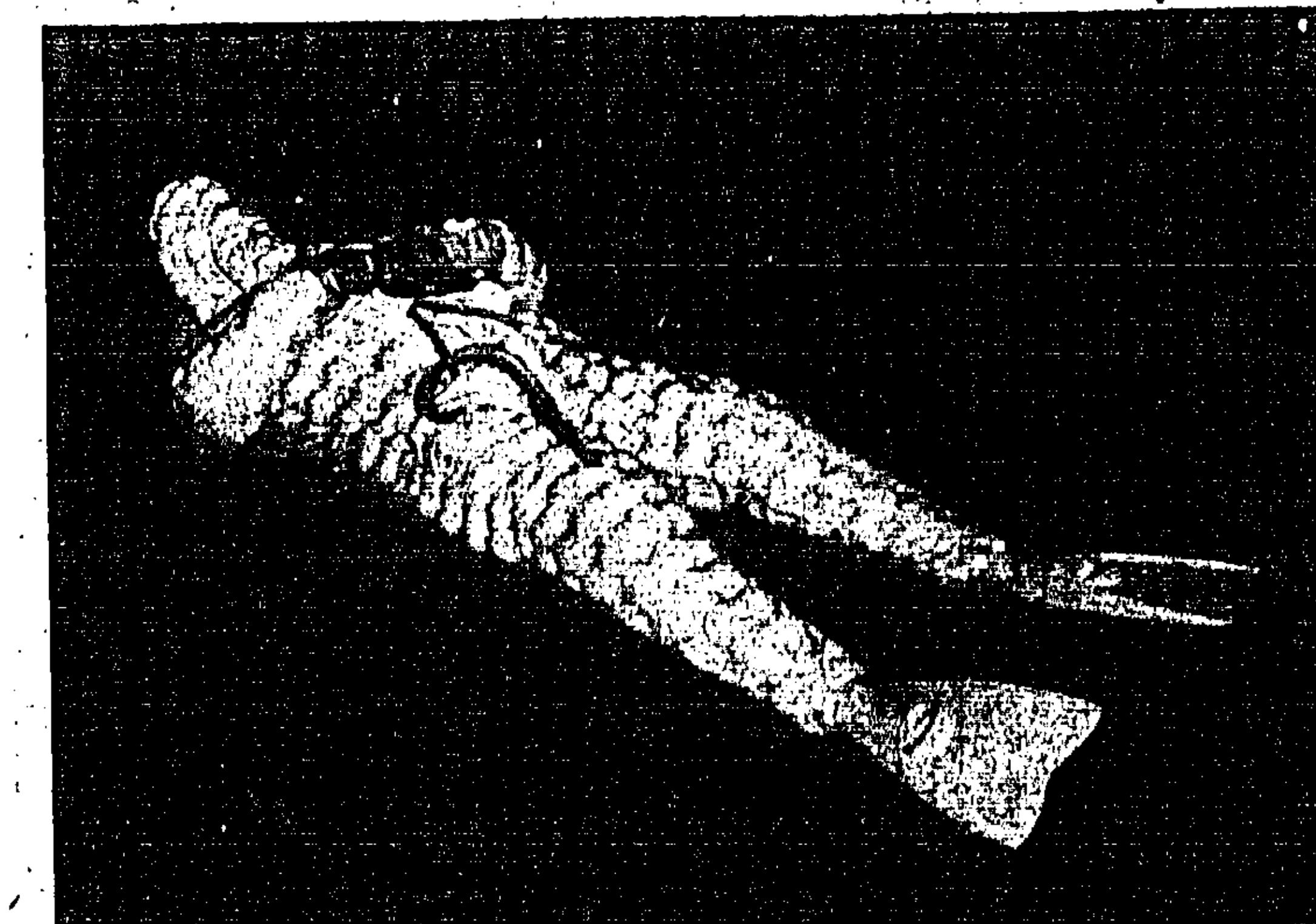


ABOVE: London hairdresser Richio introduces the season's new hair styles... Paradiso, Beehive, and Queen Bee.

RIGHT: Moss-Molson Motoring Marriage—and it happened on a Monday!



ABOVE: Tracking the Russian Moon, Dr. Graham-Smith at Cambridge watches its orbit on a recording graph.  
BELOW: (left to right) Jack Hawkins, Alec Guinness, and William Holden at the London premiere of their film "The Bridge on the River Kwai". EXPRESS



ABOVE: The self appointed task of Mr. Alistor Simpson, formerly a Royal Marine frogman, is to make a suit for survival at sea... something to keep you warm and dry on an Arctic wall. Here he "floats out" all night in Highgate bathingpool.

LEFT: Mr. Nubar (son of "10 per cent") Gulbenkian in a London wine merchant's harvest cellar. EXPRESS



## NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller



## ZANIES OF THE RING.....2

## Bob Fitzsimmons

ONE morning the matchmaker at the California Athletic Club eyed a stranger up and down. He was a tall, bony, thin man with balding head, freckled face and keen blue eyes. He looked anything but a fighter.

"So you're Bob Fitzsimmons?" he said. "I've heard about you from Australia. Have you come from there?"

"Hi 'ave," replied Bob. He always dropped his utes when they were wanted and picked them up when they weren't.

"Me and the missus got off the Zealandia this morning. She's gone to see a theatrical agent; I've come 'ere for a fight."

"You're older than I thought," replied the matchmaker. "You got licked in four rounds by Jim Hall before you left. You can have a trial bout, but you'll get nothing for it."

"That's hokay by me," answered Fitzsimmons. "You'll be wanting to pay me before long."

He knew he couldn't command much respect in San Francisco just yet. He was almost 23, had been fighting for ten years in New Zealand and Australia, where his Cornish parents had taken him as a child.

He was eager to make a new start in this land of promise. To show them he was good enough to fight the best in the world.

An easy-going, likeable chap, Bob had been persuaded by his actress wife to try their fortunes in America. The unexpected defeat by Hall helped him in his decision.

Irrespective of his age, the lanky Cornishman still felt he could reach the top. He had the utmost faith in his fighting

ability, strength and stamina, almost a stupid belief in his physical powers.

Yet even such unbounded confidence as this would not have led him to prophesy that in the next thirteen years he would win three world's championships, including the heavy-weight title.

Bob won his trial bout at the California Club, breaking his opponent's wrist. Then he fought Billy McCarthy, a San Francisco favourite, for a purse of 1,250 dollars and won in nine rounds.

At first the members roared with laughter when Fitz ducked through the ropes. To hide his

splendid legs he wore white tights, padded at the calves and thighs with cotton wool. Although standing 5ft 11½in, he weighed only 11 st, and the sight of his bald head and freckled skin had them in fits. But not for long.

Fitzsimmons soon proved that he knew a thing or two about fighting, also that he carried a tremendous dig in either hand. Soon the other clubs in the city wanted Bob's services. He knocked out Arthur Upham in five rounds and was then

matched with Jack Dempsey, the Nonpareil for the world's middleweight title.

Dempsey had been champion for seven years. He was a great fighter who commanded respect throughout America. Few gave Bob any chance of winning.

They fought with three-ounce gloves and were weighed in the ring, just before the contest started. The purse of 11,000 dollars to the winner and 1,000 dollars to the loser was the highest in boxing history to date.

Fitz fought like a man inspired. He put the champion down in the third round, blooded him in the fifth and finally knocked him out in the thirteenth.

When Dempsey died four years later he told his wife to keep Fitzsimmons whenever he fought. She must have won a lot of money.

Being champion was right down Bob's street. He set off with his wife on a vaudeville tour. She acted, he gave exhibitions and they also played together in a melodrama entitled "The Fight for Love."

Bob wasn't a great actor, but he thought he was terrific. He put all he knew into his part and enjoyed himself to the full.

The easy-to-please audiences loved it. During their travels the Fitzsimmons met up with an Australian brother and sister, Martin and Rose Julian, who were trapeze artists.

They became very friendly and finally shared a house in New Orleans. Martin eventually persuaded Bob to let him be his manager, then amazed him by saying he had fallen in love with Mrs Fitzsimmons.

When his wife confirmed this state of affairs the fighter took things very philosophically. "Hailright, H'd better give you a divorce. If we're going to live together let's be 'appy about it."

So Mrs Fitz was set free and when she and Martin departed on their honeymoon Bob turned to Rose and said: "What about giving our own back; let you and me get married."

"I'll marry you," Bob replied Rose. "And I'll make you a good wife." She had secretly been in love with the prize-fighter for a long time.

Fitz was as happy as a sand-boy. Rose not only kept her word and made him a good wife, she also mothered three children for him—Robert, Martin and Rosalie. What's more, she became the best second a boxer could have.

She kept some sort of control over her happy-go-lucky husband and with her encouragement he beat one contender after another until only James J. Corbett, the champion remained.

Fitz wasn't in Gentleman Jim's class as a boxer and in the early rounds of their Carson City fight the Cornishman came in for considerable punishment.

Seated at the ringside, Rose kept giving Bob advice, some bad, some unnecessary, but one good piece in the fourteenth round when Corbett looked to be in a winning position.

"Go for the body, Bob," she cried, and Fitz leaped with his left, rapidly changed his feet and sank a terrific right into the champion's mid-section.

The vicious blow drove every ounce of breath out of Corbett. His face went white, he sank to his knees and there he remained

gasping while they counted him out. Fitz was 35 then. But a man is as old as he feels and Bob felt like a two-year-old. Now he could cut capers to his heart's content.

He dressed like a dandy, he gave great parties, he bought a huge house. A druggist proprietor sold him an ancient lion and Fitzsimmons delighted in strolling into bars and restaurants with his pet, to the consternation of everyone.

Fitzsimmons earned a fortune, both from the ring and the theatre, but it did him very little good. He was so easy-going that everyone swindled him.

For over two years he remained champion without defending his title, finally agreeing to meet Jim Jeffries, a husky boilermaker from Ohio, who was as strong as a bull and unbeaten in his 12 professional fights.

Bob was giving away over 4½ stone in weight and 13 years in age, yet he won the Goney Island ring in fine physical condition and gave his challenger a boxing lesson.

Then he made the big mistake of trying to knock Big Jim out. A mighty right to the heart caused Jeffries to drop his guard. Over flushed another right, this time to the jaw, and the crack as Fitz's knuckles broke could be heard around the ringside.

The challenger tottered. Fitz whipped up a left and shattered his other hand on the boilermaker's iron jaw. From that moment the championship was lost.

For seven more rounds Bob fought gamely but could no longer keep Jeffries at bay. Gradually his stamina was sapped as the challenger drove his massive fists into the champion's ribs and by the eleventh he was tottering.

Deperately he swung his broken knuckles at the advancing challenger, but Jeffries came on relentlessly and suddenly landed a huge right swing that amate, poor Bob on the chin and laid him low for the full count.

Those begged him to retire, but fighting was life to Fitzsimmons and four months later he embarked on a come-back campaign, winning five fights by the knockout route in short time.

But the public didn't think Bob could ever lick Jeffries so what did the freckled Cornishman do? He teamed up with the champ and they toured the States giving exhibitions, including a replica of the final stages of their championship battle.

He helped Big Jeff defend his title, against Tom Sharkey, Jim Corbett and Gus Ruhlin and never lost an opportunity to tell the Press that if and when the champion would meet him again he would beat him for sure.

It wasn't just braggadocio, nor was it sheer vanity. Fitz really did think he could win back his title, even though he was now in his 40th year and his hands still useless.

The return took place in San Francisco, the scene of Bob's earliest success. The spectators were astonished at his remarkable fitness and confidence. They watched in awe as he made the champion look like a novice.

Fitz cut the big man to ribbons. He had him bleeding in half-a-dozen places and did everything but knock him out, although he tried hard enough.

Time after time he tossed those battered fists at Jeffries' chin, grimacing with the agonising pain as they landed. But he might have been punching a stone pillar and when by the eighth round Big Jim got home a solid jaw punch the game old warrior went down and stayed there.

It was a bitter blow, but one far more crushing was to follow a few months later. His beloved Rose was taken ill and died before he could hurry back from an exhibition tour with Jeffries.

Fitzsimmons was stunned. For months he mourned her loss and found solace in drink. His whole interest in life seemed to have vanished and his friends grew anxious about him.

Before the year was out he had staggered them all by winning the world's light-heavyweight title from George Gardner, a feat that induced him to challenge Jeffries to yet another championship battle.

Bob didn't get it and two years later he lost his remaining laurels to Jack O'Brien, a man 10 years his junior; a fast-moving skilful boxer who ran the old man off his feet.

At the end of the thirteenth round Fitz collapsed in his corner. They called over the referee. "Hi'm beat, Hi can't go on," muttered Bob. "My legs 'ave give out. 'E wins."

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Quality Incomparable

Gordon's

Stands Supreme

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Noiseless

ELECTRIC HAIR DRYER



DRY YOUR HAIR AND MORE

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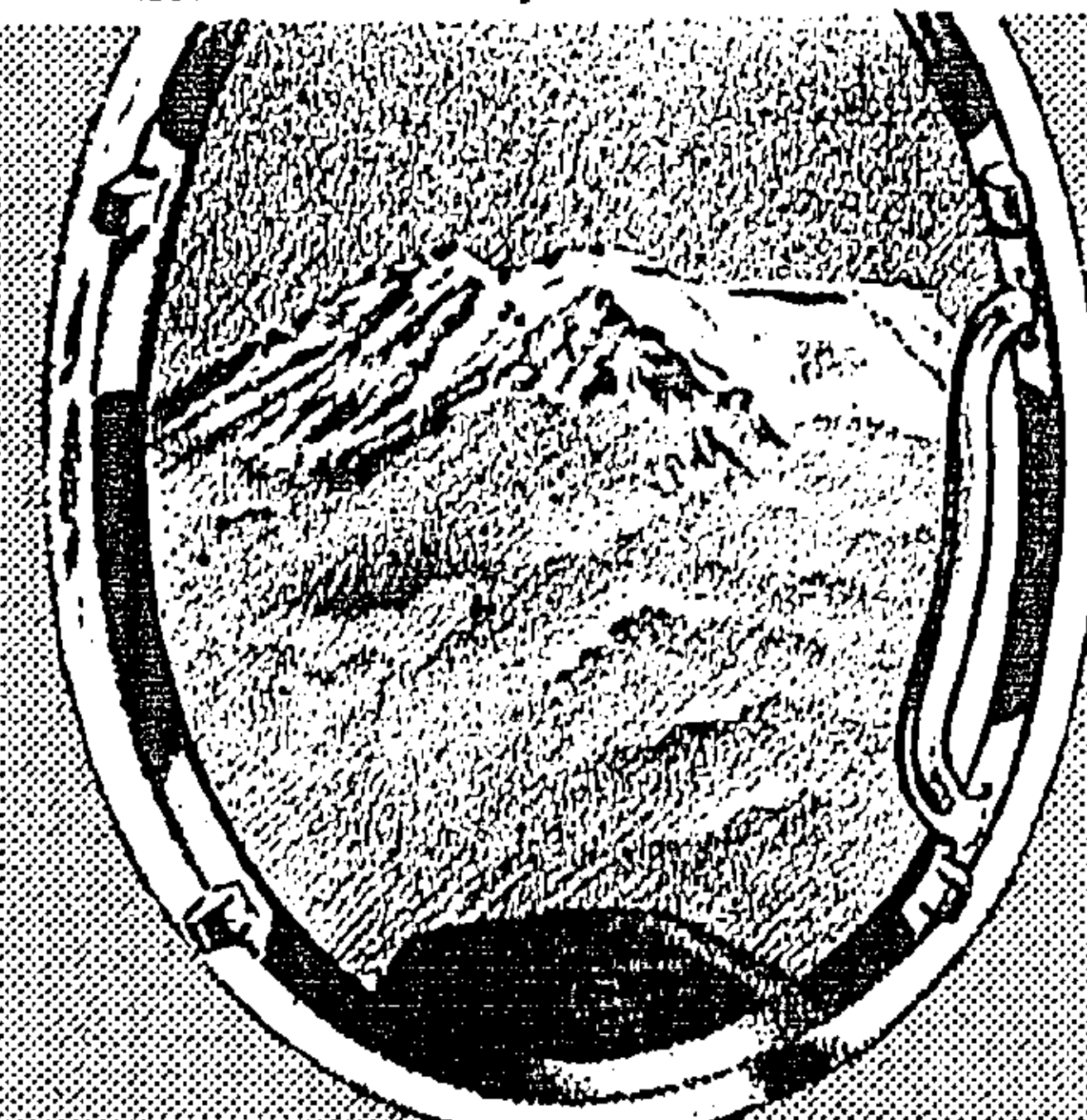
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'RELAX, BUD, IT'S ONE OF OURS'



# AT THE MOTOR SHOW

## BY ROBERT GLENTON

### HERE'S A HUSTLER WITHOUT FUSS

THE roads were as lonely as a summer beach at dawn. As silent as the dance of a butterfly over a hayfield. They were an invitation to travel fast.

One hundred and forty-nine miles in 170 minutes... an average of 51 miles an hour. It was no sports car with a jungle bellow that I was testing. Just a little family saloon in which the man goes to business, the wife does her shopping, and the family join the week-end traffic jam.

A Ford Prefect de luxe. I drove this car far and I drove it fast. Without din and fuss, the speedometer needle would slip beyond the 80 miles an hour that the meter could only register. That is why this is an unflinching road test.

The makers never designed the car for such handling. And few owners would drive it that way.

But still, it is nice to know exactly what your car will stand up to. The Prefect, I am happy to say, faces adversity with the same bone-headed gallantry of a boy on a burning deck.

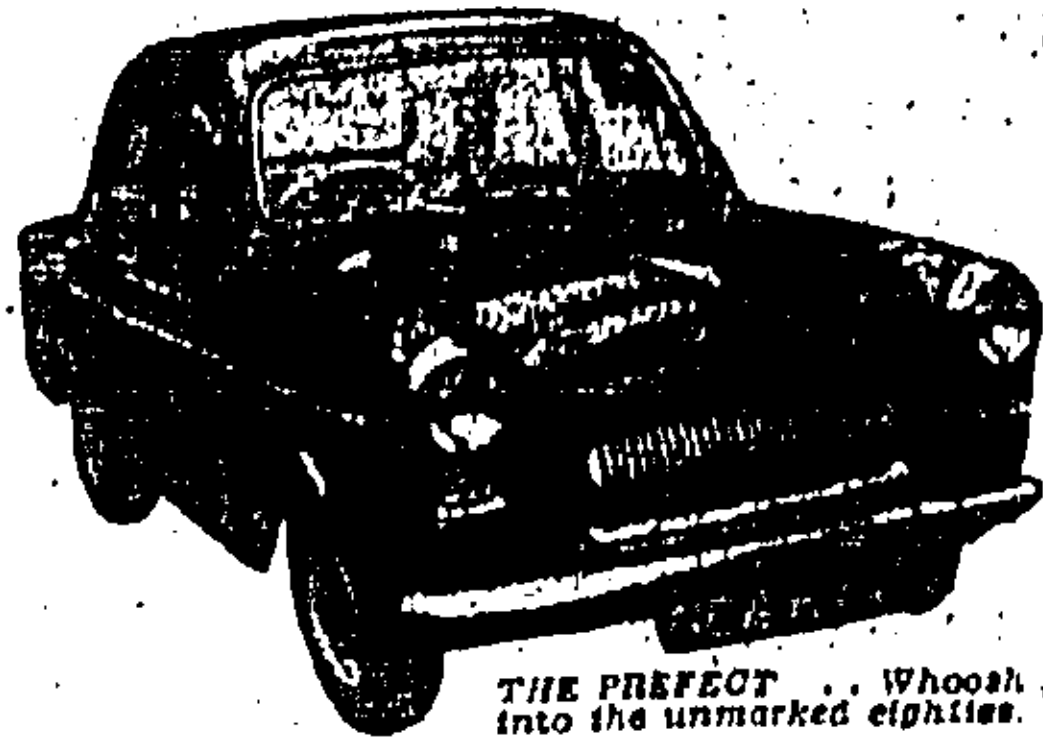
#### No alarm

ON the fast roads it handled well. The amount of roll, the lightness at the back... these things are not alarming and always quite manageable.

Are there no faults, then, in this Prefect? Of course there are! But ones, in my view, that are not faults at all.

First—a long way first—come the windscreen wipers.

It sounds a trivial complaint, but try driving at 50 miles an hour and find your wipers!



THE PERFECT... Whooosh... into the unmarked elapses.

arms have all the vigour of an elderly snail with a hangover.

Second... is the intermediate gear in the three-speed box. I feel there is something wrong in a car in which one cannot change down with dignity at much above 40 miles an hour.

Those are the bad things.

Let's get back to the virtues that make the Prefect a car to be very seriously considered.

The luggage boot is enormous. The finish does not pretend to be what it's not. It is good, clean, painstaking, and satisfying.

The steering is positive and very light.

#### Incredible

NORMALLY I give a figure for petrol consumption. This time I am not giving it. I will present you with a problem that baffles me.

With a tank filled to overflowing I drove 140 miles and stopped to refuel. The tank took exactly three gallons.

That works out at 43 miles per gallon.

It is a remarkably low consumption. Much less than any other car has ever claimed. I can only put it down to the fact that because of the low second gear I must have been in top the whole time.

Brakes? I must praise the Prefect for a stopping system

that behaved far above its normal expectations.

Now for performance. GEAR SPEEDS: Top, 72 miles an hour (78 miles an hour with guile); second, 46 miles an hour; first, 24 miles an hour.

ACCELERATION: 0-30 miles an hour, 7secs.; 0-50 miles an hour, 19.9secs.

FOR THE TECHNICAL: Engine, four cylinder, side valve; capacity, 1,172 c.c.; suspension, front, independent, coil spring; rear, semi-elliptical. Price, £249. Total (with purchase tax), £298 7s.

WILL IT FIT YOUR GARAGE? Length, 12ft. 8½ins.; width, 5ft.; height, 4ft. 10ins.

GLENTON'S SCORE CARD		
	Pos. (Max. 10)	Remarks
Engine	10	Well, YOU try to blow it up.
Steering	9	Only half a gear affected it.
Acceleration	8	That second gear.
Suspension	8	Bothered a little by road bumps.
Cornering	8	Very little roll.
Comfort	8	More pleasant in the front.
Flash	9	Unpretentious good.
Gearbox	7	Not a top.

# If Your Wife Likes To Drive Fast...

YOU have often taken part in my road tests. It is among the traffic that I find out how a car will handle. How it will overtake, crawl, and brake.

Uncle Joe plugging steadily along the crown of the road is a certain guide to the calibre of my test car.

So I set out on the week-end trail to the sea. The wind was a bit nippy, but the sun was hot.

The autumn sea had still a summer glint, the rumble of breakers over the pebbles was a holiday sound. On my road test journey as lonely as the crown of the road across the Sahara I found other things to delight in.

A last village cricket match of the year. Button mushrooms, startlingly white in a meadow.

You miss a lot drowsing in an armchair, now that the year is ending.

#### Hard, Fast...

BUT as the roads were as empty as a pauper's pocket I had to revise my test. I was trying out the M.G. Magnette.

I drove it fast and I drove it hard. I found greasy patches and stretches as straight as a crow's flight.

I can tell you now I have never driven a car with less vice than the Magnette. Nor one more surfooted. On the sharpest corner there was no hesitation, no sliding, not even a little wiggle.

The steering was light and positive, and I did like the wheel set at such an angle that one has not got to clutch it to one's chest.

The brakes were good and light to operate, although I did find some fade after a long and hectic journey.

#### Hidden Knobs

ONE of the many good things about this car is its seating. For the driver it is ideal. For the passengers there could be no complaint save for the passenger sitting behind a long-legged driver. He might find his movements a bit restricted.

The instruments on a polished wooden-faced dashboard are good, but the control knobs hide themselves all over the place.



Magnette

Counting all these things I didn't like I am still left with the certainty that if I had someone close to me who insisted on driving fast, then I would be very happy. If he or she were in the security of the Magnette.

Performance:— ACCELERATION: 0-30 miles an hour, 5secs.; 0-50 miles an hour, 18.2secs.

GEAR SPEEDS: top, 80 miles an hour; third, 70 miles an hour; second, 44 miles an hour.

FUEL CONSUMPTION: 25 miles per gallon driven hard. The speedometer was 2.1 miles an hour fast at 60.

FOR THE TECHNICAL: Engine, four cylinder, overhead valves; capacity, 1,489 c.c.; suspension, front, independent, coil spring; rear, semi-elliptical. Price £214. Total (including tax) £1,072 7s.

WILL IT FIT YOUR GARAGE? Length, 14ft. 11in.; width, 5ft. 3in.; height, 4ft. 10in.

#### So Secure

AND why the penny-wise idea on a £1,000 car of not having a vanity mirror on the passenger's sun visor?

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	Pos. (Max. 10)	Remarks
Engine	10	Much improved.
Steering	9	Positive light.
Acceleration	9	No horizon is far.
Suspension	9	Firm as it should be.
Cornering	9	Flattering.
Comfort	9	Perfect front seat.
Flash	9	Only the best things are not.
Gearbox	10	A joy for any driver.

# Well, Why Not Pamper The Driver?

Humber



Hawk

DO you know how to drive a long way and climb out of the car ready for a swim—no headache, no stiff neck, no tired arms?

At this time of the year the answer is important as the garage doors swing open on the biggest expedition of the 12 months... the holiday run.

If father at the wheel is going to keep the magic of the early morning start through the heat of the day... then fidgeting is the answer.

Cramps and aches are usually due to tension. So relax and fiddle. If the driving seat is forward, slide it back. After a while move it to a new position. Turn the radio on and off.

Play around with the window openings.

Fiddling and fidgeting. That is the way to stop father's frame locking in that depressed-looking horseshoe shape he usually assumes by the journey's end. It also keeps him wide awake and his driving reactions sharp.

#### Hardly an ache

Some cars need this procedure much more than others. One that has hardly an ache in hundreds of miles is the new Humber Hawk.

It has remarkable elegance. In fact its finish slightly surpasses its performance.

For the successful business man who likes to travel smoothly and at fair speed it is good. For the family, no matter how large, it is a blessing.

But for the critic there are some snags.

The steering was a shade heavy. Not bothersome but noticeable. And driving the Hawk at the speeds at which it

is quite capable of travelling I found lightness at the back.

That is the pill. What of the sugar?

For a medium-powered car the Hawk is as smooth as a bedside manner. The engine is silent and there is never the least feeling of strain or overwork.

The cornering at normal speeds calls for no criticism. Travelling fast the Hawk needs the usual care for this type of car.

It is the inside of the Hawk that makes it one of the motor industry's sensations of 1957.

#### Room to stretch

There is more than enough room for six people. The leg room is enough for six octopi. The driver can really stretch himself without compressing the passenger behind him like a concertina. The fittings have been planned with care.

Every instrument is where it should be. The hand brake is substantial, easy to use, and ready to hand.

This is a car with its eye on the rich life. Even the doors are wide enough to admit party dresses and portly fums with equal ease. There is a snag. When the front doors are open there is a large rim of potential finger-trapping metal gapping at the side. One must be heedful of the unwary child.

Balance the pros and cons and what have you? The best Humber Hawks have ever made and certainly a car which is going to be a delight for the motorist who wants a lot more than mere utility for his money.

What did the figures tell me? GEAR SPEEDS: Top, 66.4 miles an hour; third, 65 miles an hour; second, 38 miles an hour. 0-30 miles an hour, 5.3secs. 0-50 miles an hour, 13.9secs. Speedometer error, 2.0 miles an hour fast at 60 miles an hour.

FUEL CONSUMPTION: around 24 miles a gallon. FOR THE TECHNICAL: Engine, 4-cylinder, overhead

# WOMEN PLAY BIG PART IN SHAPING 1957 CARS

WOMEN motorists and foreign drivers have largely fashioned the British cars at the Earls Court Motor Show.

So said Mr. Allick Dick, president of the Society of Motor Manufacturers who organised the exhibition.

He said more than 30 went into the show and more than 30 of the British cars would be available with overdrive and the bigger cars were moving towards fully automatic gears.

There were 310 cars—a record number—on the stands. A fair number of these were either brand-new models or cars recently introduced.

# Three-cylinder 'baby' does 60 to a gallon



THE BERKELEY

BRITAIN is re-entering the small-car field in a big way. An 80 m.p.h. British car which, at ordinary speeds, has a fuel rate of around 60 miles to the gallon, was one of the last-minute announcements for the Motor Show.

It is the two-seater Berkeley, three-cylinder engine of 492 cc. to cost £257 (purchase tax included) for the standard car. Among three dealer models is the coupe with a glass-fibre roof (£257, tax paid). The drive from the unusual separate suspension.

# —And these two Friskys can reach 65 m.p.h.



Room for three in the sports Frisky—65 m.p.h., 53 m.p.s., £248 tax paid.

ALSO announced are two other baby cars made by a Wolverhampton engineering firm.

They are the Meadows Frisky open sports and saloon cars, which, though powered

by a 325 c.c. engine, can reach around 65 m.p.h. and can cruise at a petrol consumption rate of about 55 miles to the gallon. They are two-seaters which can take three people.

They are also among the cheapest cars labelled for Earls Court, the saloon version costing £249, purchase tax paid, and the sports model has a £248 price tag.

An important point about them is that the back suspension is based on the design of the successful British 500 c.c. racing cars. And the bodies are of fibre glass, which helps them to attain their economical performance.

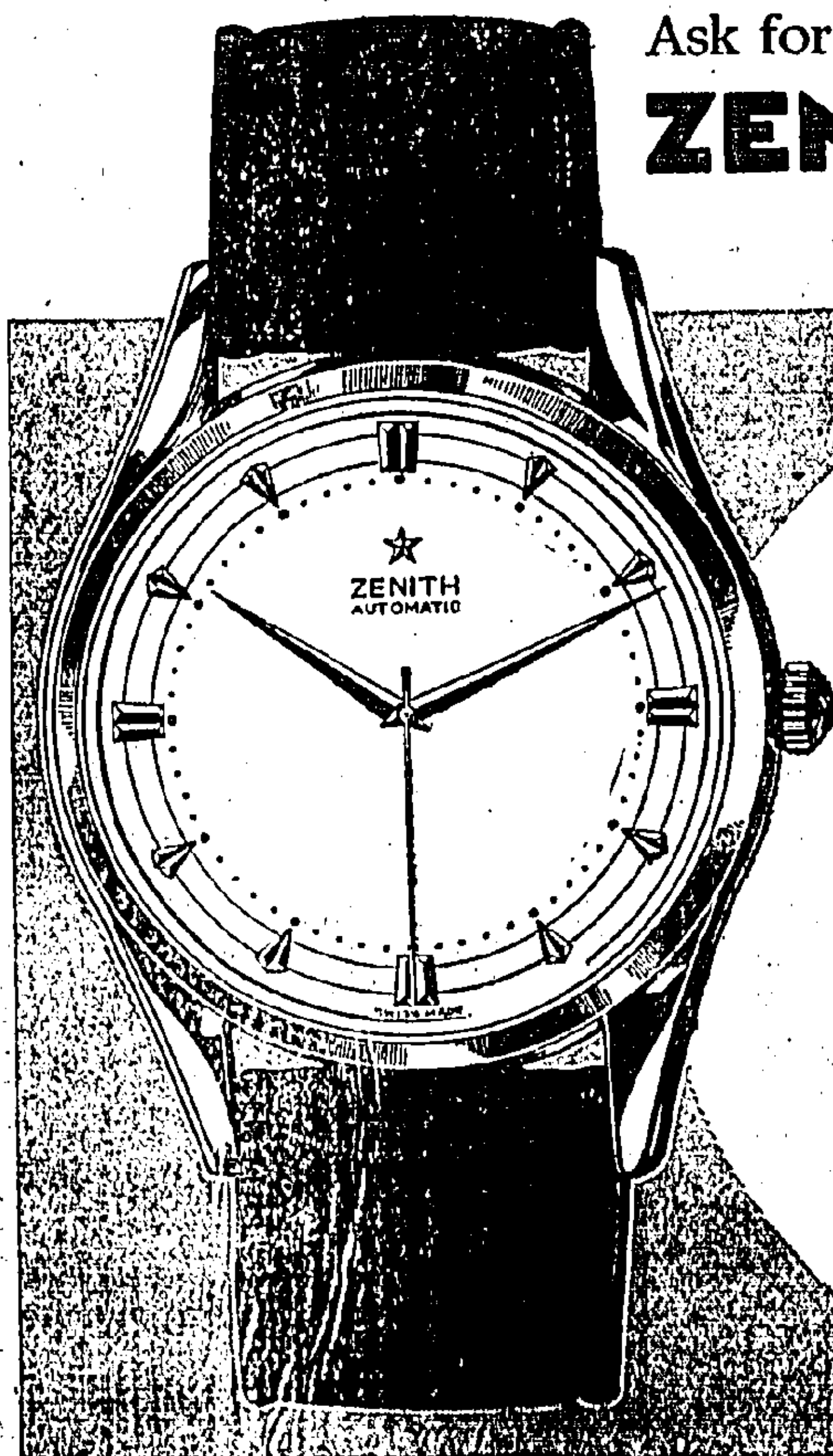
The power unit, being a two-stroke, uses a petrol-oil mixture and it is in the back of the car.

# 'Car with reverse gear only ready'

A way of designing a car without any forward gears is ready for British car makers to adopt, says Mr. Harry Ferguson, the 72-year-old tractor maker. He says that only a reverse gear is needed in the experimental vehicles he has developed, and weight and cost are reduced.

It is understood that no big British car maker has yet approached Mr. Ferguson to use the device in their models.

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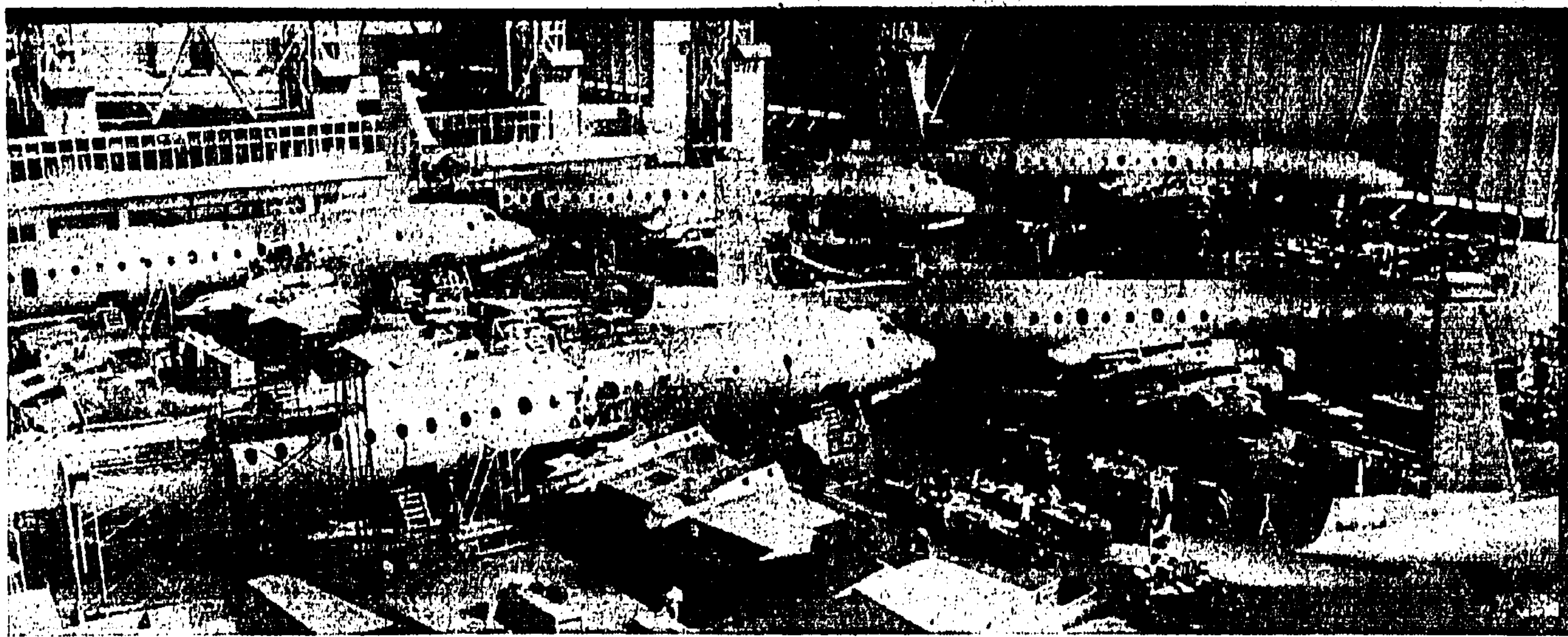


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# BRITANNIA AND COMET: IS IT FOOLISH TO BE FIRST?

by TOM POCKOCK

CRASH wagons, fire engines, and ambulances stood by. The huge, sleek airliner swept over the transparent green sea and over the beaches of Miami.

Two of her four engines were stopped, but she came in over the airfield perimeter and made a faultless landing.

But this was no happy return. The faces of the crew and passengers were grim as they stepped out.

For the engines that had failed belonged to the new pride of Britain's air fleet, the challenger for world championship, the Whispering Giant, the Bristol Britannia.

The failure of half the engines of this plane could create a crisis. For in the Britannia lies Britain's hope for commercial air supremacy.

## QUERY

Yet, after years of preparation, the long-range Britannia is still unable to fulfill its designers' ambitions.

Inevitably, comes the question: does it pay to be first? Does the man in front at the start lose the race? In the race for civil air supremacy between Bri-

tain and America, we have sometimes seemed at least a decade in the lead.

And yet the first jet airliners to enter Atlantic service will be American. We have, as the cynic said, snatched defeat from the jaws of victory.

Did we aim too high? Perhaps, like Icarus, we flew too near the sun and melted our wings. Perhaps we should have been content with second-best ambitions.

## REMEMBER?

Cast back to the proud post-war years. Recall the great projects that were to put Britain ahead of the world in the air. These were the projects that were to take our plane industry at a bound out in front of the Americans.

This, in spite of the fact that throughout the war Britain had built virtually no transport planes, leaving that work — and that invaluable experience — to our future American competitors.

But all those high hopes resulted in a dismal and sometimes ghastly parade of failure.

There was the Brabazon. The giant, eight-engined airliner with wings span-

ning over 200ft. It was to have been queen of the Atlantic air routes with 100 passengers in its spacious saloons. One Brabazon flew and then it was scrapped. Altogether it cost more than £12,000,000.

There were the Princess flying-boats. Ten-engined monsters, designed to carry 220 second-class passengers or 130 first-class passengers at 358 miles an hour.

Three of these lovely aerial galleons were built, but when they were ready, there were no suitable engines to power them and they have been left to rot. This project cost about £3,000,000.

Among the other failures — and they range from four-engined airliners to helicopters — one stands out starkly in its own simple tragedy.

## BROKEN

This is the Comet. The beautiful, sensational Comet. The Comet that for so many months serenely left its competitors 10 years astern.

The tragedy needs no repeating.

After the broken records came the broken Comet and the lovely lines of the airplane were condemned to

the test tanks at Farnborough.

Not until late next year will its descendant, the Comet IV, be delivered to B.O.A.C. for passenger service.

Tragic in a less human way as the fate of the Vickers 1000 Transatlantic jet airliner. No less than £2,300,000 had been spent on the airplane which its designers believed, could have given B.O.A.C. yet another lead over American rivals.

Then the Government lost interest. There was talk of technical shortcomings which never were proved. But the project was dropped. B.O.A.C. will be flying American.

## VISCOUNT

The story has not always been of failure. Bright is the story of the Vickers Viscount. This is unchallenged champion in its class.

Already 374 Viscounts have been sold. Already, the bigger and more powerful Vanguard, which is to follow in three years, has the looks of a winner, and 40 have been sold in advance.

In this erratic story of success and failure, the mishap to the Britannia may have effect out of all proportion to its technical importance.

The hopes we once had of the Comet are now with the Britannia. And now, while being displayed to an admiring American audience, the Britannia lets us down.

So now, during the next decade, our American

## 'WE CARRY ON' DOWN AT THE FACTORY:

By RONALD WALKER



WALKERFIELD NO STATEMENT

Bristol. THE MEN on the assembly line at Bristol still have faith in the Britannia.

Said one, fitter Wallace Chapman: "We're not depressed. We believe the Britannia is a winner, and we have no doubts that the engine troubles are being cured."

Bristol officials learned from America that the trouble that has grounded the show-piece Britannia in Miami is not caused by icing.

It is a new fault in the more powerful engines which are fitted to this plane.

The fault is being corrected in production engines... but nobody explained why a Britannia went to America with engines which were not modified.

Bristol chiefs met for three hours the other day. Managing director Peter Masefield said no statement was to be made.

Bristol are still sore with B.O.A.C.'s criticisms of the Britannia. It was, they say, bad business for an airline to decay its own equipment.

rivals will be reaping the rich rewards.

Their jet airliners lack the flair and the imagination of ours. But they are the planes, slowly and conventionally developed from piston-engined airliners, which will now rule the Atlantic air routes.

They have learned from our trials and errors.

Some might say that it is the story of the tortoise and the hare.

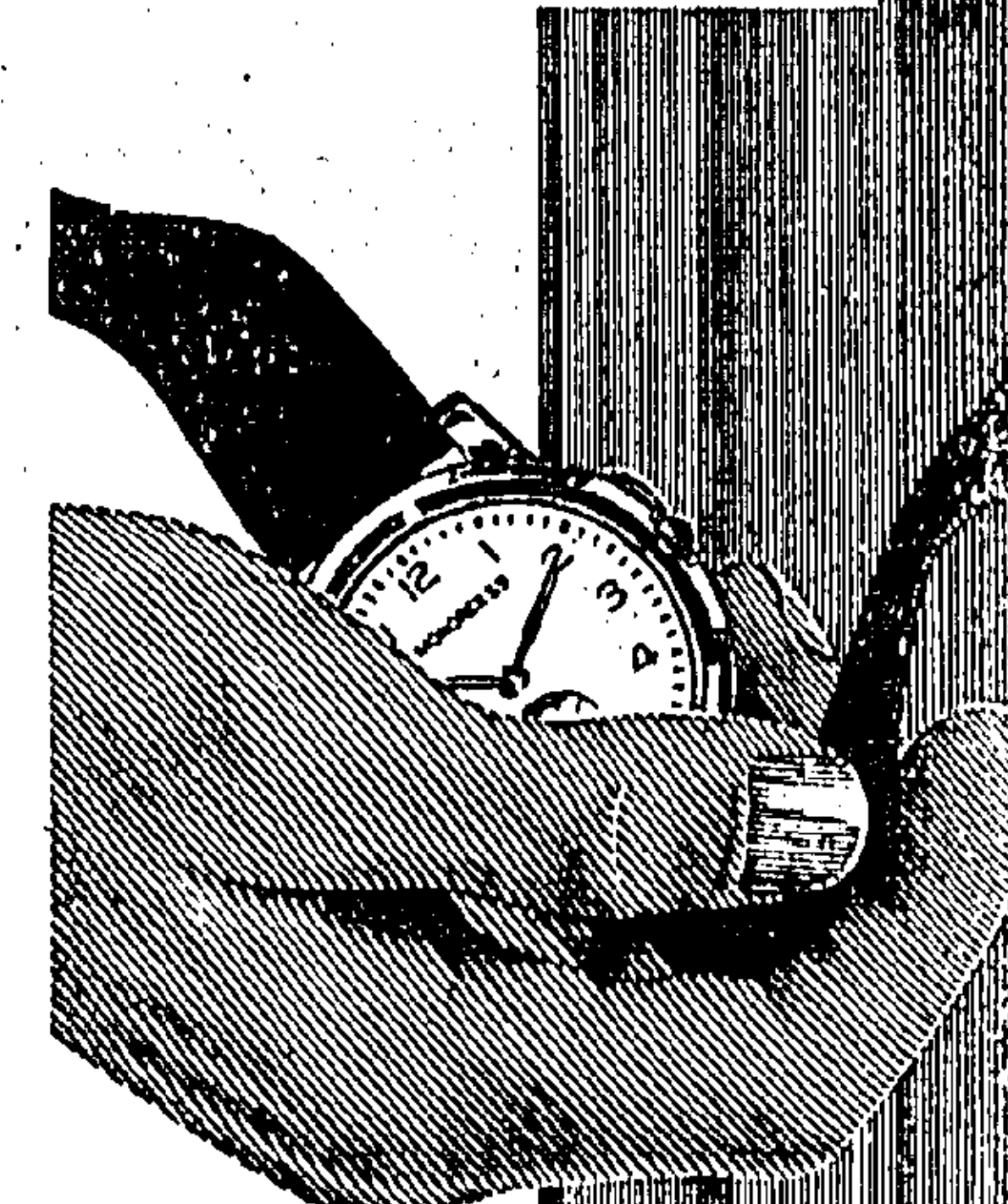
But the quick, imaginative British aviation industry has brilliance and courage.

It can beat the minor technical troubles — and most of them have been minor.

It can, given encouragement, win the next round.

Personally, I have never believed the story of the tortoise and the hare. My money is all on the hare.

## THE SHOCK-PROOFING DEVICE



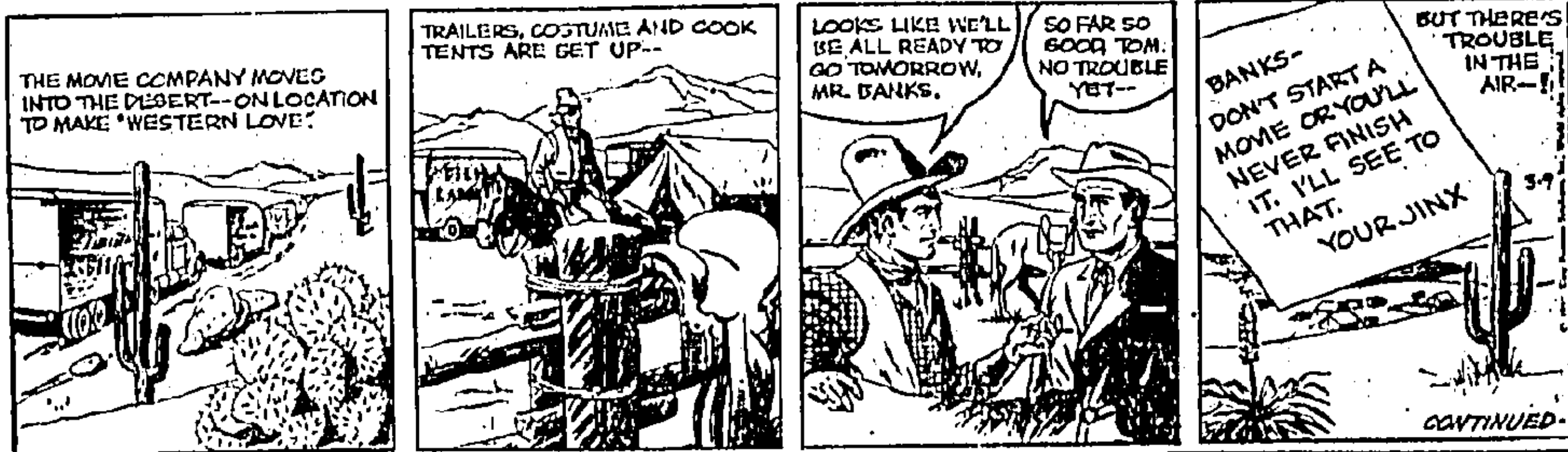
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## MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



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## JOHNNY HAZARD

By Frank Robbins



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SHOW BUSINESS probes the future with Miss Kerr

by  
**PETER  
BUCHAN**

# DEBORAH'S PRIDE WON'T TAKE LESS THAN £50,000

DEBORAH KERR ordered a dozen oysters; hock to go with them; debated the attractions of more oysters, and finally decided on a little plain, green salad and coffee to complete the meal.

"It's my hips," said Miss Kerr. "Put on a little bit of weight and it goes straight to my hips." Miss Kerr, who is still shaking the sand out of her clothes after two months with her two daughters in the South of France, gave her hips—which look slim—a slap.

"And I'm not consoled by saying it will be all right if I wear the sack. I had a look at the models who are wearing it. They're so thin, poor dears, but their figures show just as much in the sack as ever they did in the old style. They bump against it when they walk."

Miss Kerr was offered a liquor. She gave herself a short lecture on the fattening qualities of alcohol, decided to ignore herself, and chose a kirsch.

"The people I feel so sorry for," she said, "are the girls who depend on gimmicks. The ones with the Madam Arca!—the comic medium, in Billie Spirit—and Madame Pompadour and lots of others."

They weren't going to have much of a time anyway. The most they could hope to last was 10 years, maybe only two. But now, with the sack, they are going to be right out of it.

"What are the poor things going to look like with a dress hanging straight down the front?"

Miss Kerr slipped her kirsch and gave herself another lecture on how alcohol adds to weight ("Gin and tonic is the worst. Both the gin and the tonic are fattening").

"And what," said Miss Kerr, going back to the high-statistic girls, "are they going to do when they are old?"

"Now I'm not going to mind being old in the least. In fact, I'm rather looking forward to it. All the best parts were written for older women."

## OH—TO BE OLDER

"For instance, I want to play Madame Arca!—the comic medium, in Billie Spirit—and Madame Pompadour and lots of others."

Miss Kerr gave a big, big Kerr sigh. "Oh, there are so many things one can do when one is older. It was all so difficult when one was just young and pretty."

I suggested that Miss Kerr meant when one is young and pretty.

Severe look. Sip of kirsch. "It is better," said Miss Kerr, who is 34, "not to be too young."

"One"—obviously meaning Miss Kerr—"cannot get away with things when one is too young."

"When one"—still Miss Kerr—"is older one can be blunt, one can be a teeny bit difficult."

"One..." said Miss Kerr. "You..." I suggested. "All right, me," said Miss Kerr. "I'm going to have fun."



And took the conversation abruptly back to the beginning. "At least I shall be able to get a job of some sort when I am old. It's not as if I had been labelled sexy from the beginning."

I said it looked at one time as if she was never going to be tagged sexy at all.

"I probably never would have been if it had been left to me. Someone else thought of it for me."

Did it make any difference to life?

## UNREWARDING

"Oh, yes, I've fallen in love."

But wasn't she happily married already?

I am. But this is my Japanese gardener. He's the sweetest man. He could be any age between 14 and 40—you never know with the Japanese."

I share him with David Niven, who lives next door.

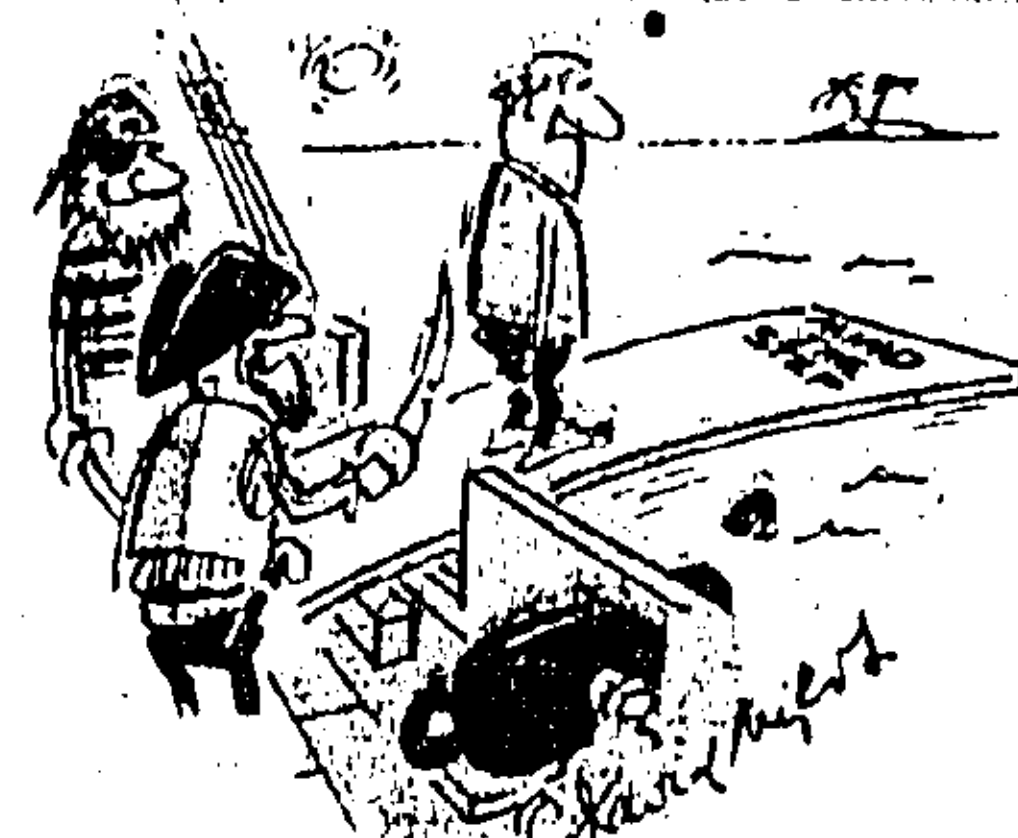
"But he's not in love with me."

"No, not David. The gardener."

In fact, I sometimes think he likes David better than he likes me. It's most unrewarding."

I asked if it was like love for a Japanese gardener explained

ZANIES



the rumours from Hollywood that Miss Kerr and her husband, TV executive Tony Bartley, were always about to part.

She said: "I am sure that the people who start these rumours, just chose us from a list of happily married couples in Hollywood."

"Occasionally it pays off. One of the couples does eventually part. We don't because we are happily married and there's nothing in it to start with."

Mr Bartley is in London with Miss Kerr now. He says Miss Kerr is frequently here selling TV films. She is here to buy a flat, dress, discuss a play, before returning to Hollywood to make another film.

## IN NO HURRY

She is not in a hurry, to do either play or film. For the first time in her life, she says, she has no financial need to work.

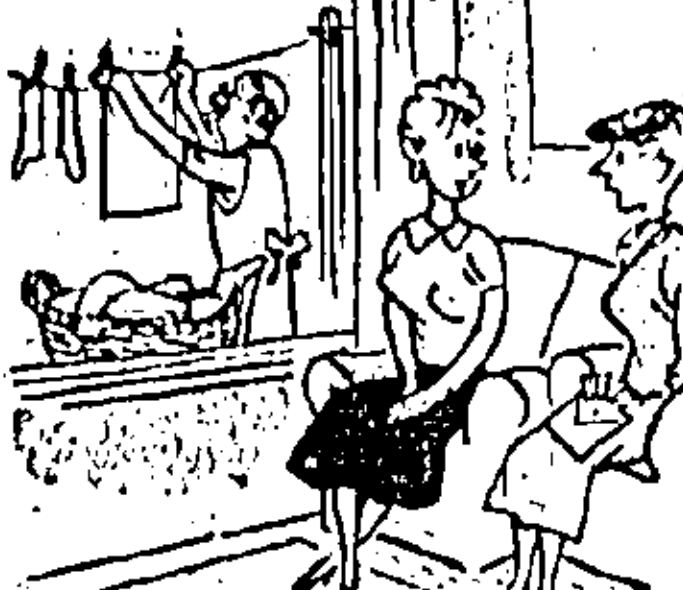
She has reached the star-rating where she is paid £20,000 a picture—and the tax-bracket where she would be almost as well off if she only got £20,000. She is not, however, cutting her price.

"It may seem silly," says Miss Kerr, her eyelids fluttering her red hair, glinting, "to let the tax-man get so much."

"But one"—Miss Kerr, I presume—"has one's pride."

## THE OTHER 'LARRY'

Bad news for those who think they are in the swim when they talk about "Larry"—and mean Sir Laurence Olivier. The very best people now talk about "Larry"—and mean Laurence Harvey.



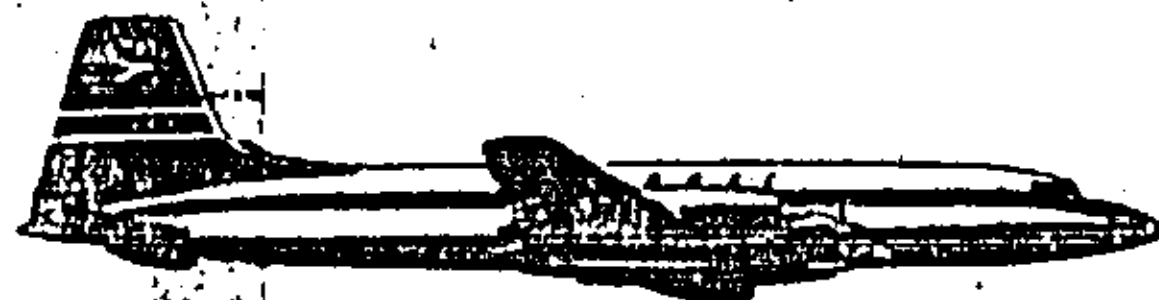
"I like George to get out in the car for a day at the office."



"No, nothing happened. I've just given up smoking and this keeps me from forgetting it."



"So I said to him: 'Why don't you collect something else besides little elephant models?'"



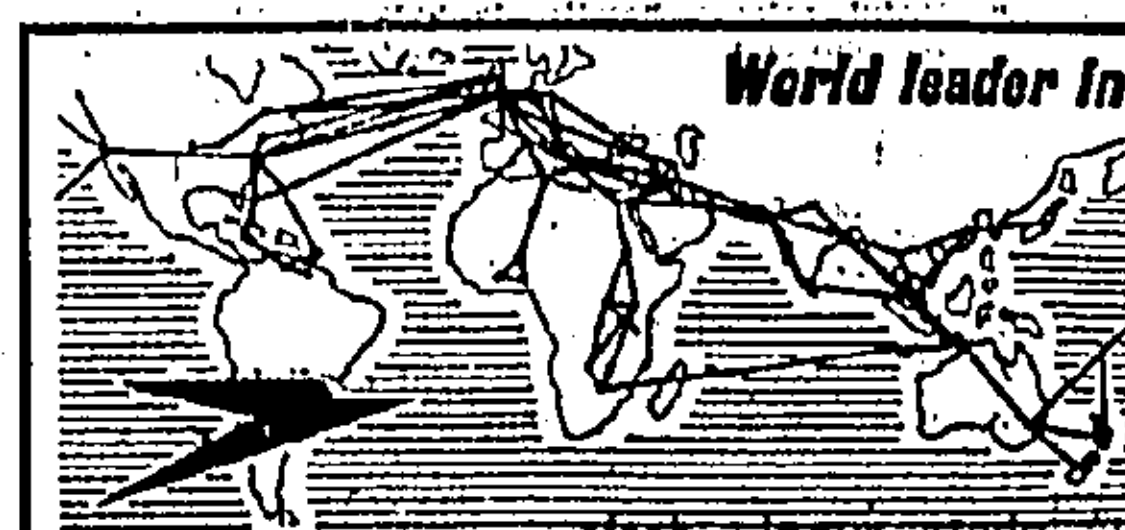
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# IF THE WORLD DOESN'T END IN 1961 I'll make money says Mr. Kramer

STANLEY KRAMER, who considers himself not so much Hollywood's White Hope as its White Hair, is going to make a film about the end of the world. It will be a super-colossal epic with vast panoramic scenes; but it won't have a cast of thousands since most of mankind will have died before the film opens and all of it will be dead by the time it ends. You might describe Mr. Kramer's film as a sort of Around the World in Eighty Days with corpses instead of crowd scenes.

Mr. Kramer assured me that the film definitely will not have a happy ending. "It is hardly possible," he said, "to make a film about the end of the world with a happy ending."

"But it will be a satisfactory ending: if the end of the world can be said to be satisfactory—in any sense, I don't want the audience to come out committing suicide."

## STRICT CONVENTION

There have been stories before about the world coming to an end, but usually at least two strapping survivors (of opposite sex) are left smooching among the ashes who could be rolled upon to re-start the human race; and after a long search usually manage to find a third survivor who is either a ship's captain or a vicar to marry them and ensure that a new human race is conceived in accordance with the Hollywood Code. Mr. Kramer is having none of that. By the time his film is over, nobody will be left alive. Atomic radiation will have wiped out the human race.

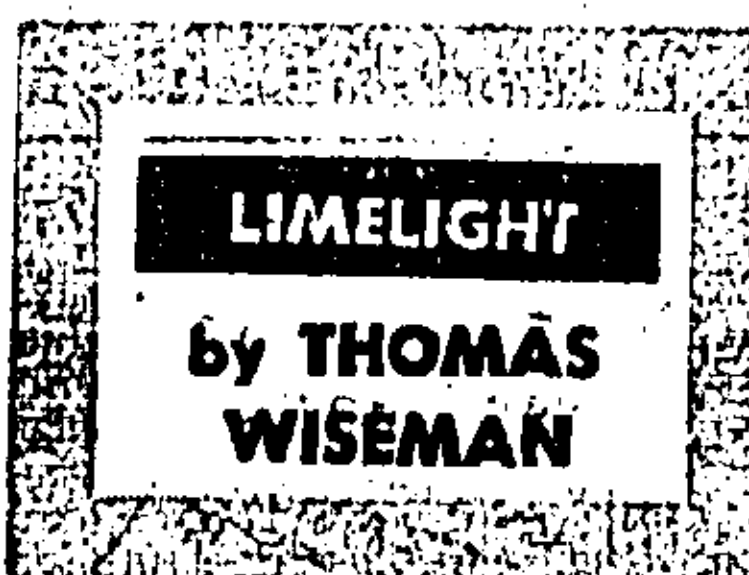
"Two pictorial possibilities," said Mr. Kramer excitedly, "are enormous—just imagine, the world of New York abandoned, deserted, without a living human being anywhere, all the

streets crowded with long sleek cars and the buildings still standing, except that the Empire State has the top blown off, and it's All Over. This is it."

Mr. Kramer straightened his tie, rejected the cigarette, offered him and lit a slightly less lethal filter-tipped one of his own.

"It is fantasy," said Mr. Kramer, "but I believe that it could really happen, and I am going to make the picture because I don't want it to happen, and the world ought to know what is on the cards. Also, it's a damn, dramatic subject. Should be a great success. This book on which it is based is the top best seller in America. I paid 75,000 dollars for it."

But was it, I asked, in the words of the film, money that was it... entertainment? Was it going to make money? Had it got upst? Had it got st? Had it got st?



Not the nervous type

THE prospect of making love (on the screen) to Hollywood's latest love-goddess, Sophia Loren, does not perturb William Holden (16 years married to one wife) one bit. He is a calm fellow and does not panic easily.

Miss Loren is due in London later this month to join Holden and Trevor Howard in a film called The Key which is being made by Sir Carol Reed.

Considering how many nerves were strained and how many tempers were lost (and never found again) when the last love-goddess, Miss Marilyn Monroe, was here, it would have been reasonable to expect Mr. Holden to be a little scared. "I'm not worried," he said, "on a film set a love-goddess has to jump to it like a mortal. I remember when that former love-goddess, Gloria Swanson, was late reporting for the job at Sunset Boulevard, Billy Wilder went to her in her dressing room and said: 'Are you going to move your behind on to the set, darling, or do I have to kick it there?' And she moved, love-goddess or not—just quick."

"Anyway, Sophia is a charming girl."

So Mr. Holden does not consider it necessary to lay in a stock of tranquillizers in preparation for Sophia's arrival. As I said, he is not the nervous type.

Once to prove a point to Joshua Logan—that it was not dangerous for him to jump on to a fast-moving train for the film Picnic—he walked across the room, climbed out of the window and hung by his fingertips 10 stories above the ground until Logan contacted that jumping on to a moving train was absolutely safe, child's play in fact. Then Holden climbed back into the room and gave a very shaky Logan a stiff whisky.

"I'm really a pretty dull guy," said Holden apologetically. "I don't have any interesting cources; I have been married to the same woman for 16 years; I have no extraneous vices. My only weakness is for cars—I have five of these including a Ferrari and a Bentley."

"And furthermore," he said emphatically, "I do not make a habit of hanging out of windows 10 stories up."

(London Express Service)



## WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

## Now America tries to dress the Queen

By JOY MATTHEWS

A FISTFUL of American dress designers have been playing the favourite English game, "How I'd Dress the Queen."

Eight of the best, including Mollie Parnis and Sally Victor, who dress Mrs Eisenhower, were asked by an American trade paper to design a wardrobe "fit for the Queen." Between them they dreamed up a mink and sable wardrobe—dresses, coats, hats, and suits.

There was the violet-blue dress and jacket with a black mink collar—the dress high-necked with three rows of pearls and a small off-the-face hat. Just the sort of thing she arrived in Paris wearing last April.

There was the ball gown of heavy white silk with a discreet boat-shaped neckline, heavily embroidered in gold and rhinestones. Oddly like that knockout swirl of satin and embroidery she wore for the state banquet in Copenhagen last May.

There was that head-hugging royal blue and black feathered toque we keep reading about. The strawberry pink stitched velvet beret softly draped to one side was not forgotten. Neither was the wool two-piece—its jacket lined with mink.

Practically everything could have been designed by an English couturier and, in some instances, far, far better.

There was none of the American liveliness and dash. There was little of the sumptuous dressing we see in the glossy American magazines.

The only two which managed to look American were a white wool spindle-line coat with a white mink collar and matching white mink toque, and a grey chiffon all-American shirt dress with sable cuffs, highlighted with a pink rose tied with grey satin ribbon nestling in one of them.

The first is completely impractical—even for a queen. And the second—well, would you like to see anyone in that, let alone the Queen?

## Sweater Girl

TERESITA MONTEZ, sister of the famous film star, is a girl who goes in for sweaters in a big way.

"I live in them," she told me. "I have a dozen twin sets, and a dozen sweaters including a couple of the men's V-necked, long-sleeved kind."

"I go for the soft but bright colours—avocado, orchid, pink. And I always have them as plain as possible—none of that fancy embroidery for evening wear."

"When I dress up I use plenty of amusing jewellery, usually in matching colours. I try to get away from the old single row of pearls."

Teresita, who is a free-lance model in Paris, was wearing a bright, twin set, high-



beeled cream. Italian shoes, a turquoise cashmere twin set, and rows and rows of turquoise beads.

## Hair Switch

I HEARD a word of consolation last week for the fickle butterflies who flit from one hairdressing salon to another.

"I cannot see why women feel so embarrassed about it," said Freddy French, the hairdresser, to me this week. "They aren't upset if Hardy Amies sees them in a Hartnell dress. Yet when I saw one of my clients coming out of a rival salon she cut me dead."

"Certainly a woman should switch her hairdresser from time to time—that stubborn loyalty is ridiculous. But women feel they must stick to the same hairdresser for years and years. And, if they switch, they feel they can never go back."

"I'm all for a change now and again and anyway, sometimes the comparison does me a bit of good."

## Suit Wisdom

ACCORDING to up-and-coming Paris couturier Pierre Cardin, the most useful thing a girl with not much money, and not yet much taste, can buy is a suit.

"But not—no, never—in black," he told me. "Black looks too dowdy. A girl should not wear a black suit in the streets, or before lunch."

"Blue is much better—not royal, not navy, but a lightish midnight blue. It can then go to the country, or be doiled up with black accessories for cocktails."

He scoffed at the idea of the safe, classic suit. "A classic suit is one that is three years old," he said. "If you buy this year's line you will be in the fashion this year, and you will have a classic in three years' time."

"As for the Englishwoman's idea of a classic suit, made by her husband's tailor, with long, narrow sleeves, mannish revers, and a built-in waist—that is not three years, but fifteen years' out of date."

## Scrumptious Scampi

MOST glamorous sight at an elegant cocktail party I saw, and one which made all the men's mouths water, was not that Dior dress. It was a dish piled with sizzling fried

## Going rich—but on the cheap

WHAT the good-time girls are going for: quality quilting at a quantity price. I saw last week one of the most luxurious and luscious-looking theatre coats ever in shocking-pink velvet, heavily lined with quilting for snowy nights. The short house-coat in the picture is in quilted cotton, splurged all over with Victorian roses. And for good little girls there are delicious lambswool coats with hoods attached, lined with quilting in pink, blue, or camel.

scampi spiked on cocktail sticks.

My hostess (who had not herself been trying)—gave me the secret of making them crisp and crunchy. "All is in the batter," she said. The Yorkshire pudding type just won't do."

Here is her recipe. I have tried it myself with frozen scampi, which proved scrumptious.

Mix 4oz. flour and a pinch of salt with 3 tablespoons olive oil. Then gradually add just over a cupful of tepid water, keeping the batter the texture of thin cream. Leave to settle as long as possible, then add, at the last moment, the beaten white of an egg. You just dip the scampi in and fry in boiling hot oil.

The scampi I ate were served with a rich tomato sauce.

## Inspired Sacking

ZOE FONTANA, the woman who asked the sack—she hasn't one in her collection—seems to be doing well out of the idea. But with a difference.

## SITUATIONS THAT EVERY WOMAN FEARS SO MUCH



BOOTS, boots, boots, boots—marching up and down again. But this time the makers are taking the trouble to make them brighter and better. There are pastel-coloured boots from France—yellow, blue, light grey, or lime—with white soles and fleecy linings. There are duffle boots in water-proof suede with wooden peg fasteners, in black, red, and blue. And the smartest and warmest ones I have seen are the oiled-brushed, pony-skin boots in the picture. And for boot-haters there are rain-proof overshoes in opaque plastic—blue, red, beige, or black.

## A NEW HAIRDO GIVES YOU SUCH A LIFT



## NO—I WON'T GO INTO A TRANCE TO STOP SMOKING

Says Veronica Papworth

HOW'S your strength of mind today? Mine's fine—never stronger. But that's partly because I've had it shaken up a bit.

I was talking to one of the nicest women in the Beauty business. Somehow the conversation turned around her daughter—a potentially pretty sixteen-year-old who has, for the past year or two, been lamentably overweight.

No, let's not mince matters—she's been skinned in fat. Suddenly, she has shrunked it all off—emerging like a glowing little moth from her podgy chrysalis.

"Hypnotism," said her mother. "She wouldn't listen to a word I said about over-eating. Then someone suggested this man—so off she went."

He put her into a semi-trance and told her just what I've been telling her for the past two years. In-fur-tating—but it worked. She won't touch fatening foods now.

Not 48 hours later at a party I took my twelfth cigarette that day, and shook my head over my weak-mindedness.

Tom's my self-imposed limit. "Better see a hypnotist," said a square mate with a little black bowler. "Since I was done I haven't touched a cigarette and I was a 40-a-day man. Wouldn't smoke one now if you paid me."

"Man or mouse?" I wanted to know him. "Smoke because I choose to."

## The result

Then I remembered the final remark of the mother on her daughter: "Nearly two stone off in a few weeks. After all, it's the results that count."

Would you send your daughter to be hypnotised into taking your advice?

Would you take orders from a stranger on smoking?

I've checked up and I find that more and more people are getting this odd form of a mental shot in the arm to strengthen their resolutions.

Would I?

The answer is a strong, resolute NO.

## Pop-eyed

It was one of these easy little tea parties where women really let their hair down—particularly about the ones who aren't there.

"Darling," said a pop-eyed character in a pink hat, "she'd leave her husband like a shot. But how could she exist? She's only a wife and mum. She can't do anything."

I made what I hope was a sympathetic face. But, after

the party I did wish I'd spoken up on behalf of the millions of wives and mothers who write themselves down in their own estimation—crying the conventional women who "do something."

As a two-faced character with a foot in both camps, I'm coming down heavily in favour of all the stay-at-home wives who are a thousand times more versatile than any careerist.

Damn!—they have to be. I'm not suggesting that what they can do will earn them a



Would you take orders from a stranger?

four-figure salary but, written down, it should give them a superiority complex as high as a house.

It should certainly put an end to the very little remarks that every business woman has to bear with: "I'm a complete cabbage—just a housewife..."

"How I envy you having a life of your own..." "How lucky you are to have talent. It only I'd trained for something."

She's sometimes a very and sound—the dedicated business woman with a one-track mind bent on her work and a one-track heart set on her own advancement.

In contrast, what can little all-at-once do?

Setting aside the usual household skills I'd like to see her make a list.

Here's mine—not because I think it impressive, but because I'll bet most of you can better it.

I can: cut hair, handle terraria, mix cement, plaster walls, deliver gups, entertain with paper tear-outs, help butcher a pig, cook a five-course dinner for 16, make a fairly creditable suit of armour, paper a room, replace a broken washer..

## A giggle

At this stage, feeling pretty pleased with myself, I telephoned an acquaintance who runs a big employment agency: "Can you suggest a job for a woman with these qualifications?" And I ran through my list.

"Somebody like a handyman in a home for the delinquent children of ex-convicts stars," said she with a little giggle.

Business women! They're

INFURIATING.

## MY SIN

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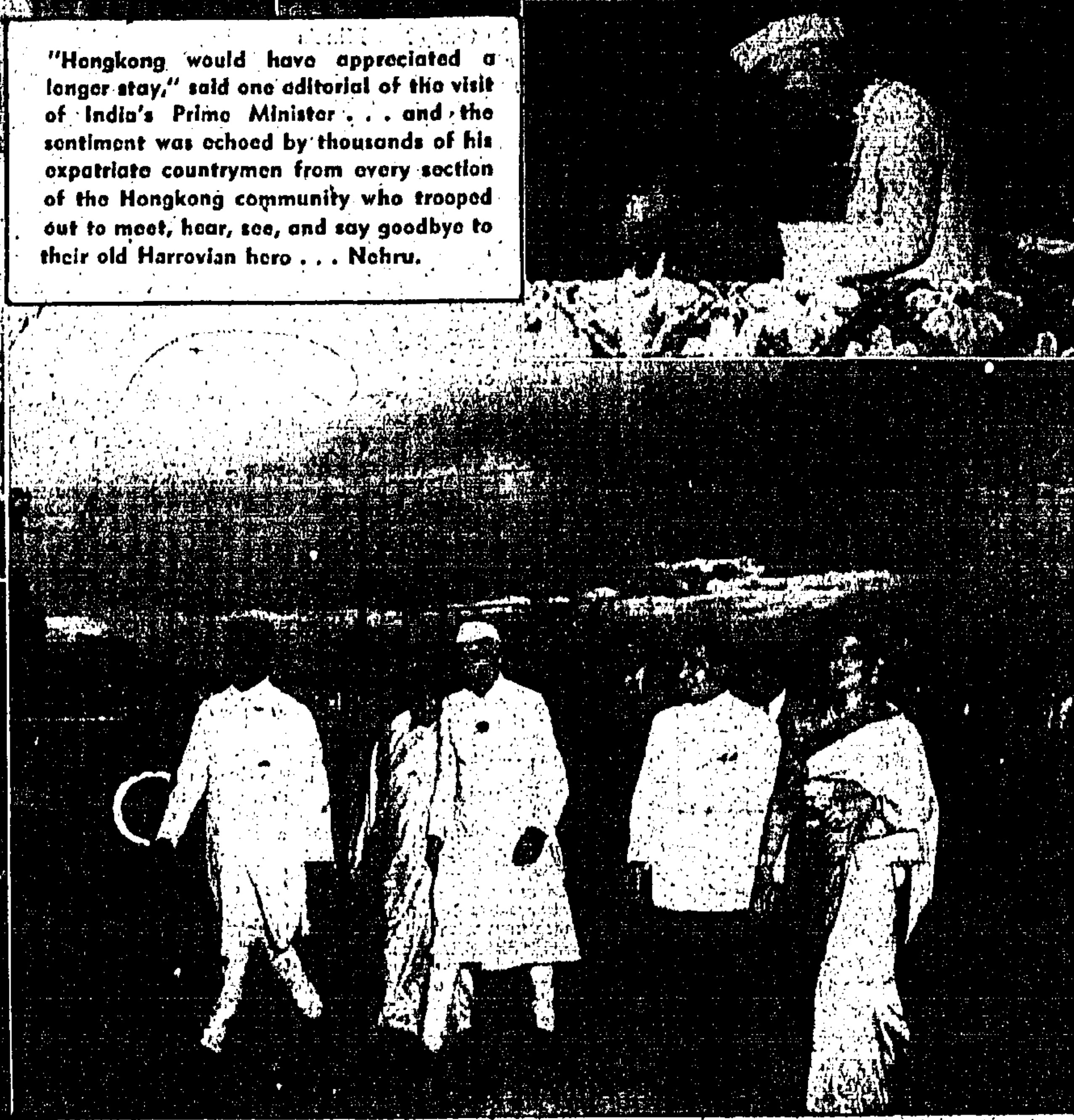
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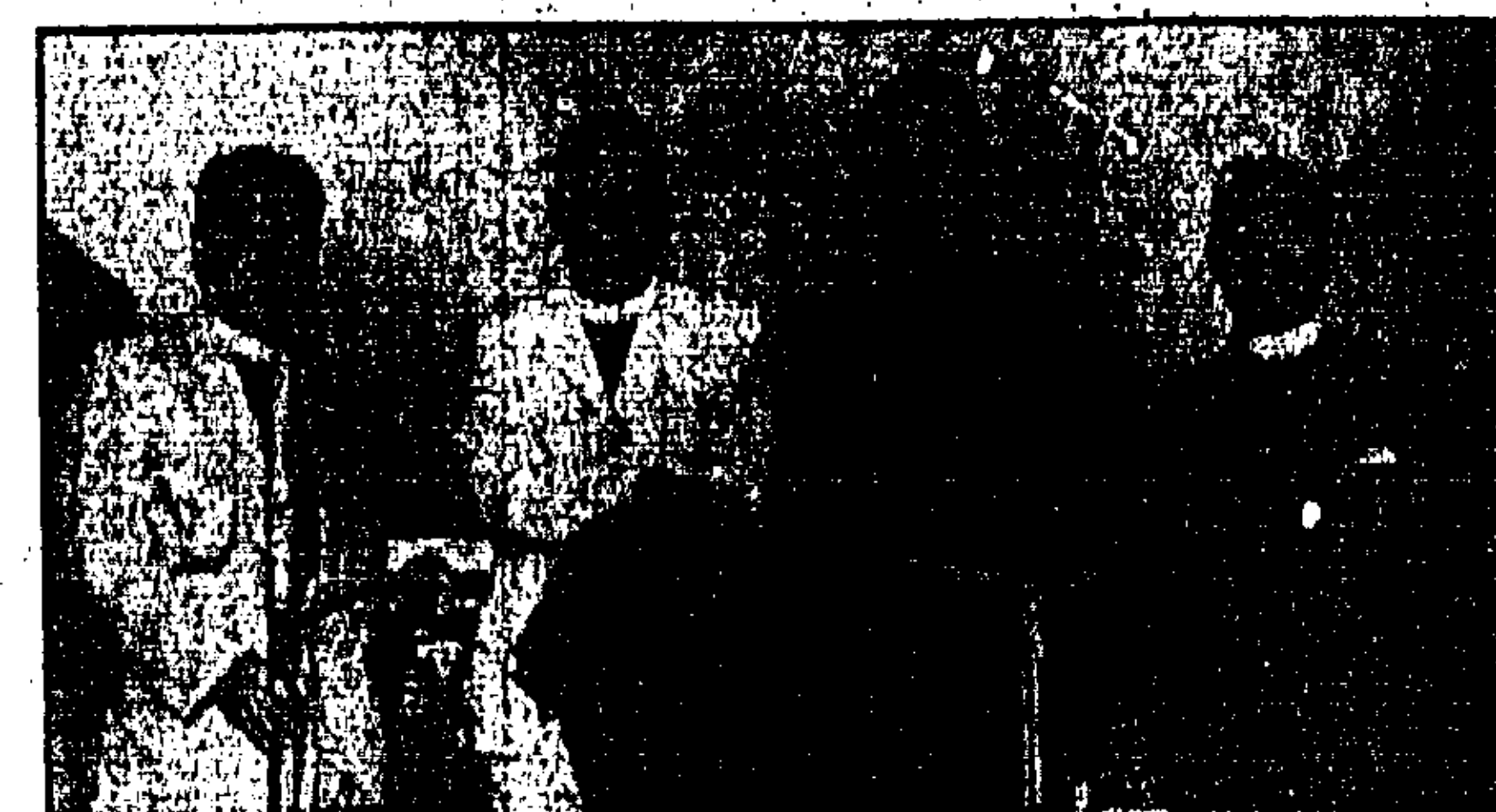




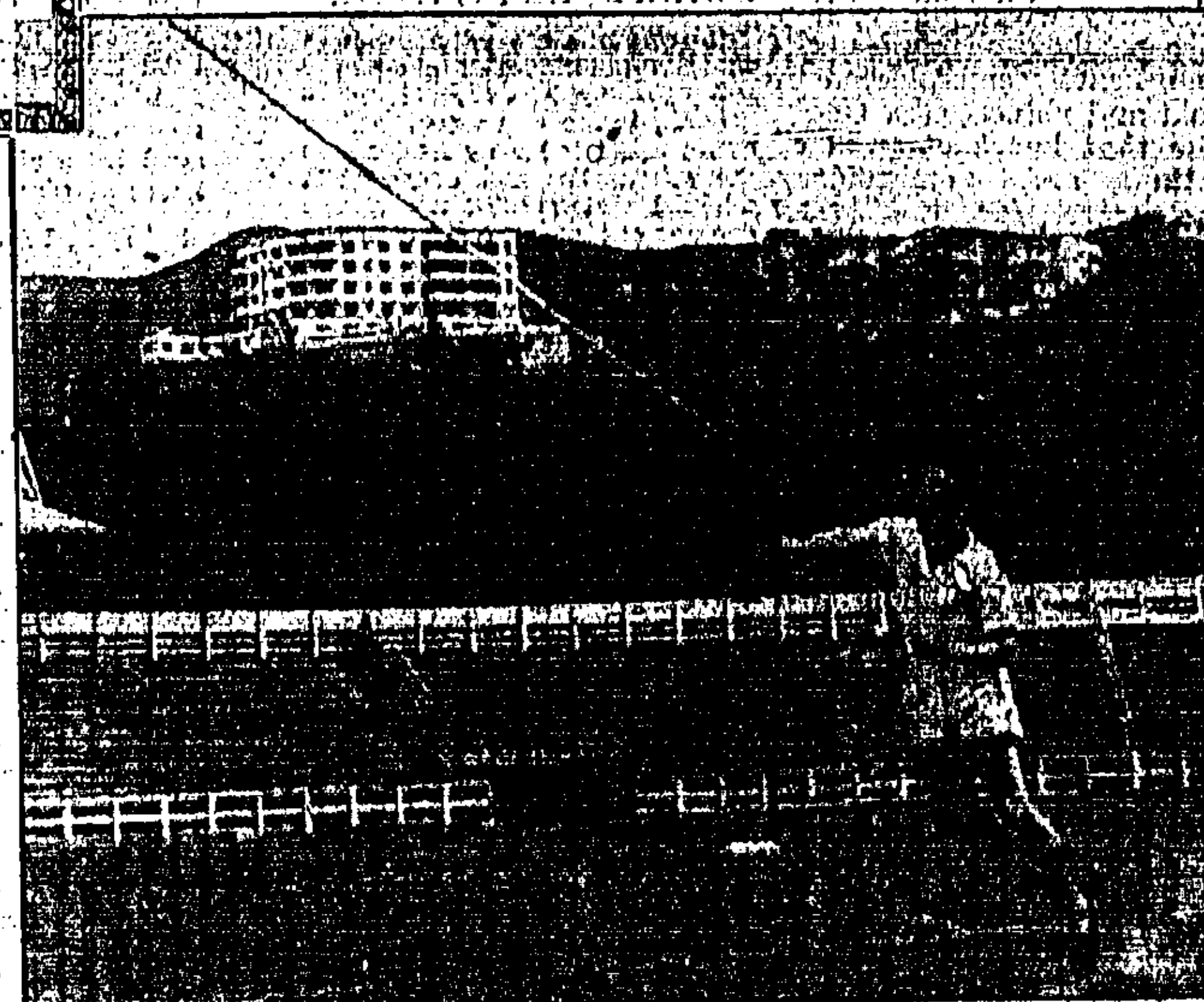
"Hongkong would have appreciated a longer stay," said one editorial of the visit of India's Prime Minister . . . and the sentiment was echoed by thousands of his expatriate countrymen from every section of the Hongkong community who trooped out to meet, hear, see, and say goodbye to their old Harrovian hero . . . Nehru.



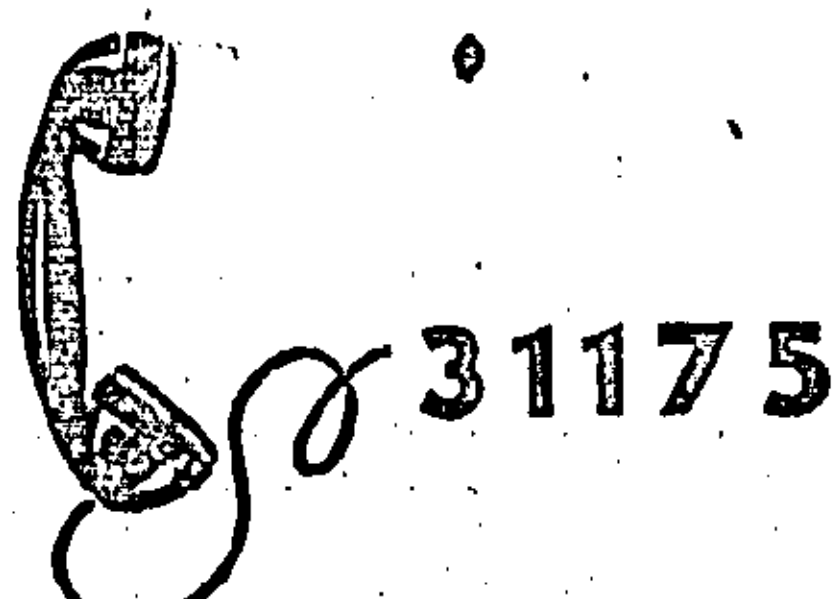
The Commander British Land Forces and Lady Bastyan arriving for the Garrison Players' production "Deep Blue Sea".  
BELOW: Start of a Mission . . . the Rev. Michael Fisher (an Anglican Franciscan) arrives at Kai Tak, met by (from left) the Rev. James Pong, Bishop R. O. Hall, and Archbishop Lee Kau-tan.



Paul Hahn getting ready for an exhibition at Fan Ling.  
STAFF PHOTOGRAPHERS



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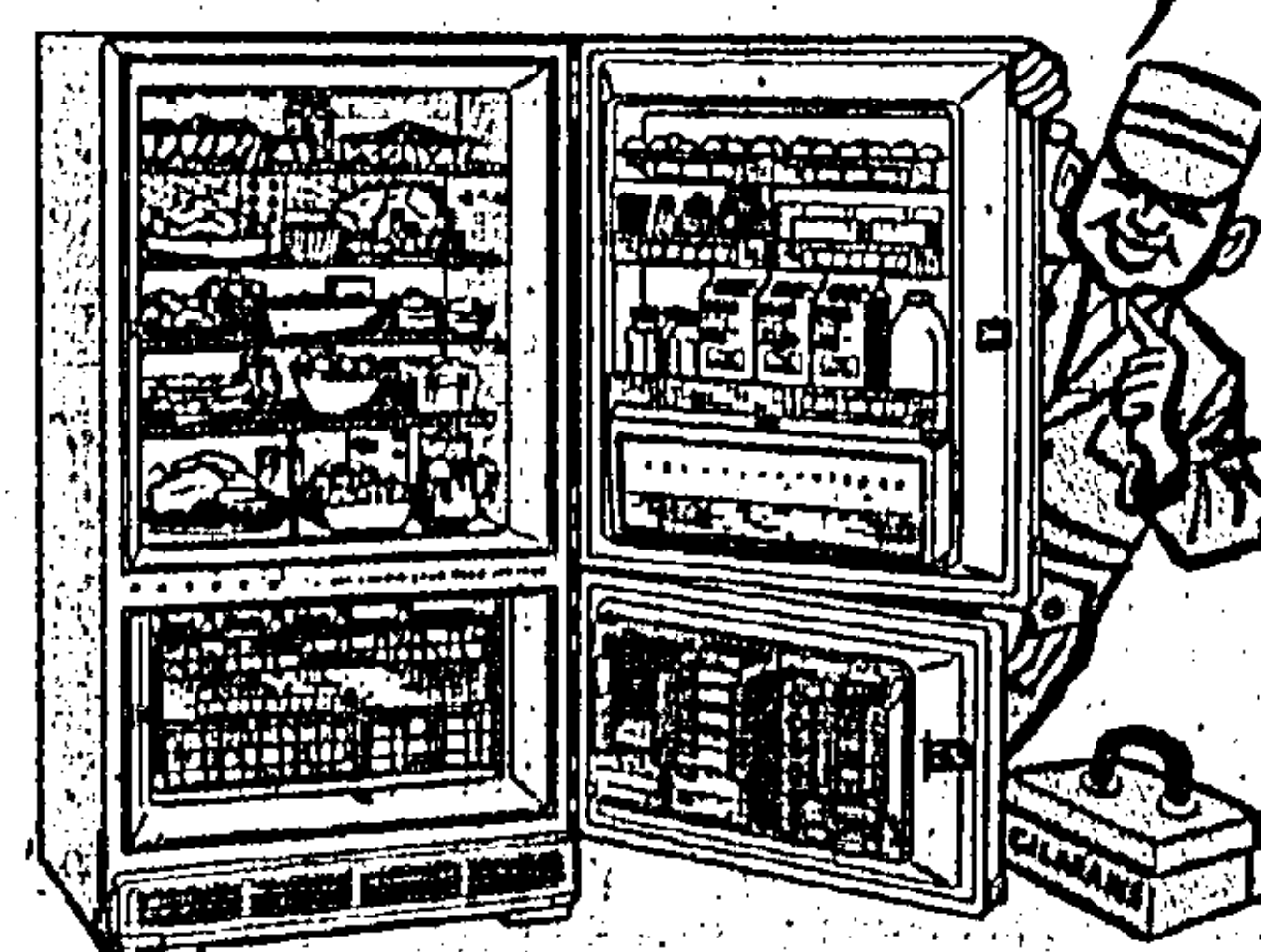
LEFT: With the goalie helpless on the ground, looking on, Israel's left back streaks in to save.  
RIGHT: Colony Javelin Champion Chan Lap-fong seen in action during the season's first open meeting of the Hongkong Athletic Association.  
STAFF PHOTOGRAPHERS  
LEFT: Robert Graham MacFarlane and parents at St John's Cathedral. BELOW: Maureen Michela Jauques and parents at St Margaret's.  
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Film wedding—Cantonese actress Mok Hing-wai and husband Lam Shiu-ming at the Roman Catholic Cathedral.



End of a fairy tale... she wanted to get back to the land she was born in; worked for the passage; paid her own way; and no sooner got back than she meets and marries a childhood playmate... Diana Jillett and Michael Blumenthal at St John's.



A colourful German wedding at Union Church... where Gudrun Laudien became Mrs Karl Roersler.

STAFF PHOTOGRAPHERS

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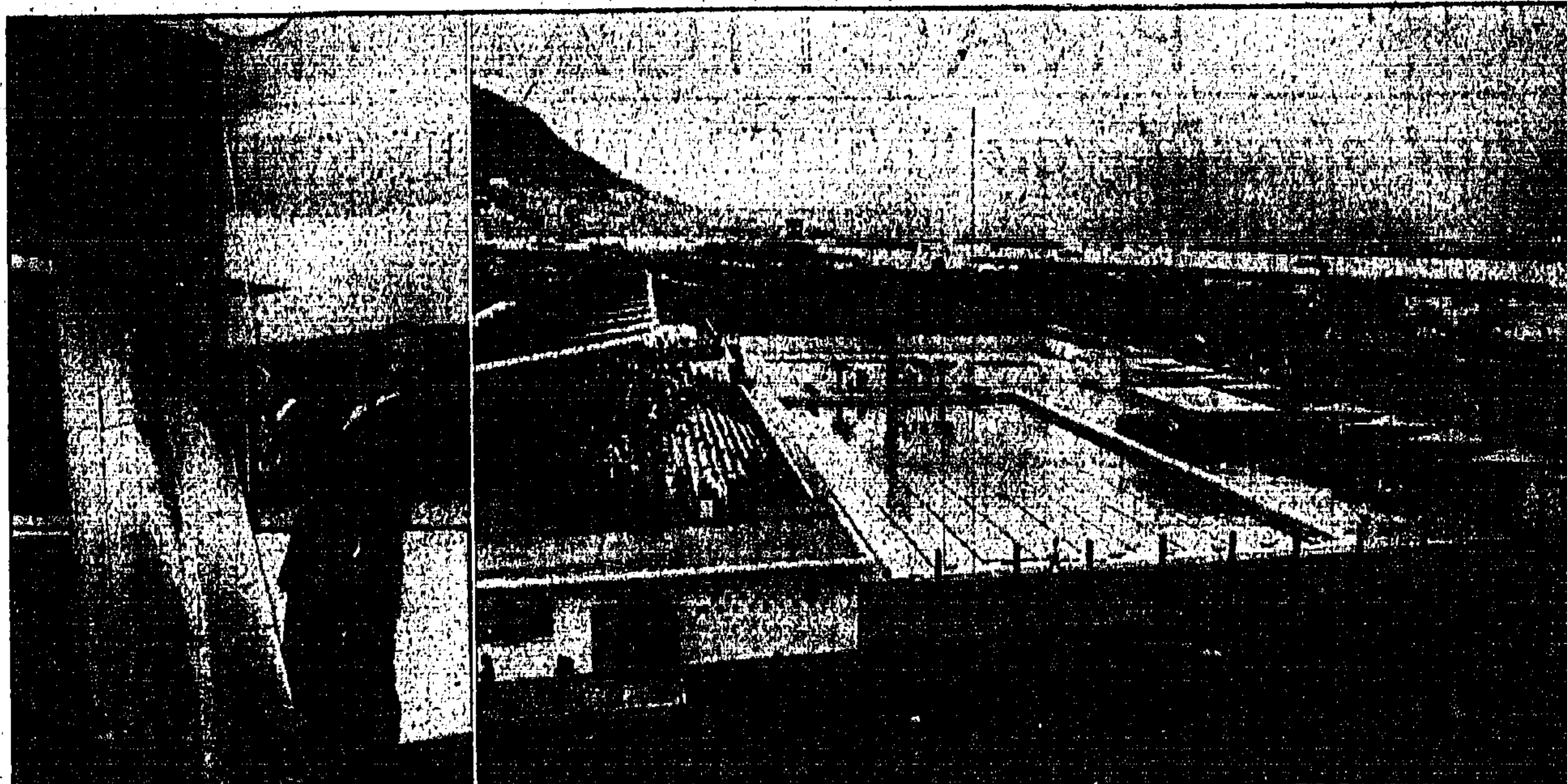


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It would be looking a gift horse in the mouth to carp too much about opening such a beautiful swimming pool as this as the swimming season closes. Next year it will be a boon beyond compare, and one for which Wanchai generations to come may thank the Jockey Club. For when the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, came to open up, 1,500 children crowded the stand. And each child represented \$1,000 of the million and a half sum contributed to build Hong-kong's Olympic Standard Pool in Victoria Park.

STAFF PHOTOGRAPHERS



500 Russian evacuees from North China materialised recently at the YMCA for a party with their own music. They also got a gift from America—500 Russian Bibles.

STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER



Just two ideas of what makes a picture... when Staff Photographer Ng Siu-ling snapped singer Billy Banks there was an explosion. "A pitcher aimed pitcher without girls," cried Billy. "No girls," said Ng. "There soon will be," said Billy.

## SPORTING ENSEMBLES

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IS ONLY A SAMPLE  
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# EMERGENCY OP.



## Making of a Modern Surgeon



Day by day  
you're going  
to follow a  
modern feat  
of surgery

DRAWN BY

ROBB

AND REPORTED BY

MERRICK  
WINN

At 11 minutes past five on the afternoon of Friday, September 27, a young woman was wheeled into the operating theatre of a London hospital.

And at that moment she was certainly dying.

The 13 people in the theatre knew she was dying, but they knew it without distress or alarm.

They had been called there to save her, and during the next two and a half hours they did save her.

This, simply, is the story of how they did it.

### So sudden

It began soon after six o'clock on the 26th, the Thursday. The young woman's name does not matter, but call her Sarah; she is 22 and normally shows more intelligence than she showed on this disastrous night.

The thing happened with extraordinary suddenness, possibly in less than a second. She was reaching out to switch off the six o'clock news... then she was doubled up on the floor nearly senseless with pain. Quicker, much quicker than it takes you to read about it.

This is what doctors call "an acute abdominal catastrophe." And what Sarah called "the worst agony I've ever known—like being kicked by a horse." It had the same effect, exactly as a boxer's blow below the belt. It had her writhing and retching, wishing she could die, and it very nearly had her wish come true.

### Worse

YOU would think that once the first agony was over Sarah would call a doctor. No. She uttered a famous phrase which must have dug almost as many graves as old age. She said: "I'll pass off."

It did pass off. Then, at 10 o'clock, it came on again.

Worse. And after the first pillow-clutching pain Sarah, intelligent Sarah, said: "I can't possibly call a doctor at this time of night—if it doesn't get better I'll call him in the morning."

Incredible? No. You and I would probably have done the same. Frightened to die, yes; but frightened too of looking silly. No wonder skulls grin.

All right. Sarah took two aspirins and some bicarbonate of soda in hot milk and toyed with her life for the rest of the night. If she had taken her

temperature she would have found it 102.

It was nearly 9.30 next morning, before she at last began to get it into her head that she might be as ill as she felt. This terrified her. She called her doctor.

He arrived at 10 and it took him one minute, no more, to decide she was suffering from none of the things she had first thought of. Not colic, not indigestion, not constipation, not something she had eaten.

He decided it was peritonitis (inflammation of the abdominal cavity, or peritoneum) and he decided too that this girl, white-eyed with fever and fear, had only one chance—an operation.

### The race

PERITONITIS may kill in 48 hours and ideally Sarah should have been on the operating table within 12 hours of the first symptoms. It was already 16 hours. It would be 20 hours at least before the operation could begin, even if all went well (and as all did not go well it was nearer 24 hours).

Sarah's doctor telephoned the Emergency Bed Service, which keeps an hour-by-hour record of emergency beds available in London hospitals, and an ambulance came in 20 minutes.

This, in London, was good. Then the ambulance lost 20 minutes in West End traffic and did not reach the hospital until after 11.30. In all, another hour gone.

The hospital had been warned to expect a bad case, and when Sarah arrived the emergency routine at once began.

### The Chief

SHE was taken to a ward, put to bed, and examined by two doctors—the duty house surgeon, just qualified (£426 a year) and a senior registrar, 11 years' qualified (£1,100 a year). Both underpaid.

The registrar, a surgeon, could himself have operated, but now, as he looked down at Sarah, he said: "A job for the Chief."

The Chief is always the consultant surgeon, the big name, the Harley Street man. He is a god to all, understandably; for though his hands are no different from yours or mine—despite what the novelists say—he has Life at his fingertips.

Every big hospital has a number of these important men and they work a rota, usually a weekly rota, when they are on call day and night.

The Chief in Sarah's case was a very big man indeed.

His private fee for the operation would have been at least 100 guineas. Sarah bid it for nothing—on the Health Service.

He and the registrar and the house surgeon (and the students, if any) form the surgical team—called in every hospital "The Firm." There is usually a 10-year age difference between them: the house surgeon, 25; the registrar, 35; the Chief upwards of 45.

### Two hours....

SO the Chief arrived in his Stolls from Harley Street, in 20 minutes, and he examined Sarah gently, almost tenderly, and, turning away, he said: "All right, we must open her."

But he did not mean right then. He meant later.

For the operation which Sarah so desperately needed at once was not to begin for another two hours.

A vital two hours in which a vital decision had to be made—as you will see.

## MEET TODAY

- ★ The people you're
- ★ going to get to
- ★ understand in
- ★ this remarkable
- ★ and true story

INTRODUCING at first hand the people you will be coming to know and appreciate as, day by day, this drama of a great hospital develops. People with a single aim: to save life, to make well. Here they are as Robb sees them first—in consultation at the bedside: the surgeon, senior registrar, sister, anaesthetist, house surgeon. Unseen, the centre and the cause of it all, is the patient. And every patient in every hospital.....

More On Monday

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RECORDS by PATRICK GRAY

## WONDERFUL, SAYS MISS REGAN

MR HARRY CLAFF, the man who married Joan two months ago, was in dotting attendance, as all new husbands are expected to be.

It was Mr Claff who opened the door, served the drinks, offered round the cigarettes and then lit them.

Miss Joan Regan, the woman who married Harry, said: "And he is wonderful when he has to do his share of the household chores. No, he doesn't actually clean out the fireplace. But I expect he would do it if we didn't have a home help. Oh, it's wonderful to have a man about the house again."

### Unhappy one

You may recall that the last man Miss Regan had about the house was a Mr Richard Howell, a former American paratrooper.

As marriages go this was a particularly unhappy one. Mr Howell chose to live in America and Miss Regan in Britain.

A reconciliation was attempted with all the modesty of a three-ring circus. Parted from each other for three years Miss Regan flew in to London from Blackpool, and Mr Howell flew in from America.

Through his wife's Press agent Mr Howell told reporters: "I intend to woo my wife all over again. If I don't know how to court her, who does?"

As reconciliations go this one was a flop.

It ended in divorce.

Now all the world and Mr Howell know who could (and did) woo (and win) Miss Regan.

I called on Miss Regan and Mr Claff, a dapper young man with a red carnation in his buttonhole and the job of managing the bookkeeping office of the West End theatre where Miss Regan is currently employed.

I said I wanted to know how Mr Claff was working out as a stoplather to Miss Regan's children Russell (7) and Daniel (10) and was told that according to the children "Daddy is super because he takes us to football matches on Saturday."

The Claffs ("No one has yet called us the Regans, and there

will be an interesting incident when and where anyone does," Miss Regan said) live in a Sidcup villa.

### He is 'super'

I told Miss Regan that it had often been said that marriages in which the wife carries a salary far in excess of her husband's were more likely to go on the rocks than the more conventional unions.

Mr Claff quickly served another round of drinks and Miss Regan said: "We know. That is a problem that almost all of us have to face. It is a tender little piece that should, in view of the afore-mentioned circumstances, be each other that we must not

forget that the day would come when I would have to give up singing."

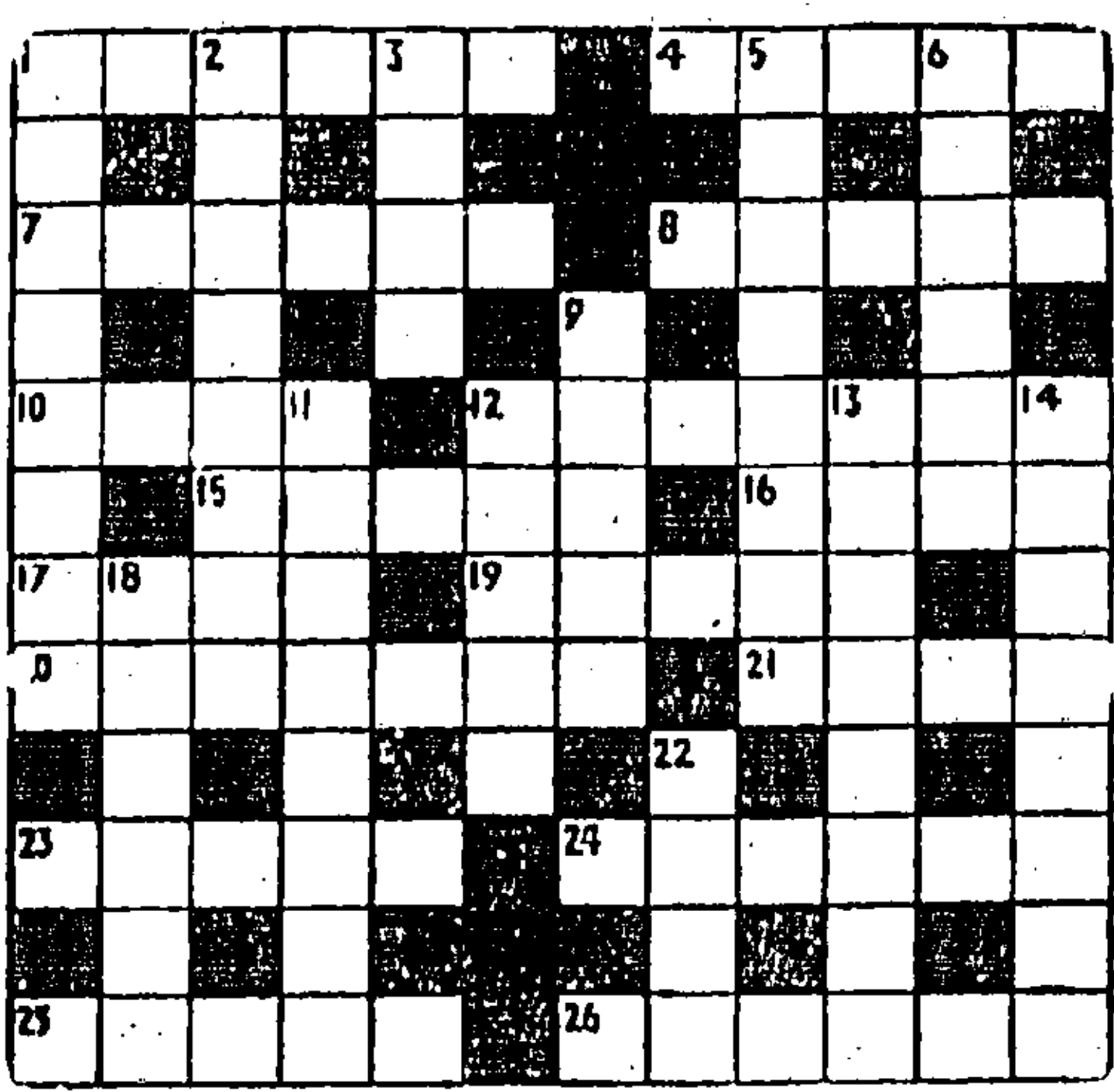
"When that happens Harry will be the sole earning power in the family. And things will even themselves out."

Joan Regan's latest contribution to recorded entertainment is *Seven and a Half Cents* (Decca F10034), a number from *The Pajama Game* sung by her to the accompaniment of Max Bygraves.

Also put on record by Miss Regan (but not due to be released until November) is *Love Me To Pieces*.

It is a tender little piece that should, in view of the afore-mentioned circumstances, be each other that we must not

## A British Crossword Puzzle



- ACROSS**
- 1 All together, now, sing (6).
  - 2 Let us—our cut! (5).
  - 3 Pass for troops, perhaps (6).
  - 4 Blazing lust (5).
  - 5 The baptismal type (4).
  - 6 Give away point (7).
  - 7 What to look for in Lebanon? (5).
  - 8 Cuts down (4).
  - 9 Water day is done (4).
  - 10 Went on strike? (5).
  - 11 Run away from what's merited (7).
  - 12 American lake (4).
  - 13 Composition for nine (5).
  - 14 Possibly happy agency (9).
  - 15 Not brewed off? (5).
  - 16 The middle-aged may have it (6).
- DOWN**
- 1 Put into cipher (8).
  - 2 Crimes of reprobates? (9).
  - 3 Like a duckling? (4).
  - 4 Fastidious and far from robust (8).
  - 5 Gate-crash in a hostile way (6).
  - 6 Greaves have been (5).
  - 7 Set of apartments (8).
  - 8 Thrown out the line (5).
  - 9 Good for the flatter (6).
  - 10 Greatly appreciated (6).
  - 11 Place of more than one gentleman (8).
  - 12 Look before you do this one! (4).

**FINDAY'S CROSSWORD**—Across: Re-solved, 8 Morsel, 9 Sarcasm, 11 Reformer, 12 Lure, 13 Unbar, 14 Solon, 15 Ounce, 22 Molested, 24 Mortimer, 25 Stripe, 26 Concoct, 27 Down: 1 Smart, 2 Troth, 3 Relegis, 4 Elan, 5 Over, 6 Violet, 7 Desist, 10 Venet, 14 Baron, 15 Rosette, 19 Consume, 27 Arctic, 29 Attie, 21 Advers, 22 Mint, 23 Lure.

## The case that shook Rome

ALL ROME TREMBLED. By Melton S. Davis. Barrie, 12s. 6d. 239 pages.

ALL Rome gossiped, as it has done for 20 centuries, and for once—as happens every 50 years or so—it had something to gossip about. On April 11, 1953, the dead, half-naked body of a good-looking girl, Wilma Montesi, daughter of a carpenter, was found on a bench near the city. The local police, without waiting for a post-mortem, registered a suicide.

by George

Malcolm Thomson

Evening Standard Book Critic

chief of the Roman police, resigned. Foreign Minister Piccioni offered to resign. Low courts were guarded like fortresses. The government tottered.

Drama had arrived.

Davis unfolds the devious, sordid story in a too-bright journalistic idiom with real skill in selection and narration. In the end, I felt I had at last some idea of what the Montesi Case was all about.

When the verdict was read out in the Tribunal of Venice four years after Wilma's death and Piccioni and Montagna were found not guilty, I knew how the result had been reached. I had some idea of its judicial value—and why it was accepted by the public.

Davis has, in short, done an excellent job of exposition. This claim can hardly be made for Vayward Young, who in *The Montesi Scandal* (Faber, 18s.) produces a bland sociological tract, as if the main interest in poor Wilma's death was the light it throws on Italian temperament, politics and judicial system. Young's readers will close the book almost as confused about the Case as when they opened it.

But, after all, the chief point is that Wilma Montesi was found dead and that nobody yet knows how she died. Those who wish to pursue the mystery had better begin with Melton Davis.

**TO THE FAIR UNKNOWN.** By Andre Maurois. The Bodley Head, 10s. 6d. 175 pages.

WRITING these letters to an almost imaginary Maurois develops with wit and no excess of illusion, a practical philosophy of love and behaviour. If women need

## Is the doctor's formula getting a little run-down?

by RICHARD LISTER

THE SLEDGE PATROL. By David Howarth. Collins, 15s. 255 pages.

ON the Greenland coast, in 1942, German seafarers established a weather-report station. They had weapons but no dogs. Dances, Norwegians, Eskimos opposed them with dogs but without modern firearms. A strange war developed—growing stranger as the brotherhood of the Arctic asserts itself among them. On it David Howarth has founded a deeply interesting and often moving book.

**SIGMUND FREUD: The Last Phase.** By Ernest Jones. Hogarth Press, 35s. 536 pages.

COMPLETION of a disciple's life of his master, the revolutionary thinker who transformed the theory and practice of psychoanalysis.

**ALL MY SINS.** By Hans Habs. Harrop, 18s. 400 pages.

THE author of *A Thousand Shall Fall* has had a gay, adventurous life in love (five wives), war (Spanish Civil, Ethiopian, World II), Hollywood and prison camp. His autobiography is the quick-witted document that one would expect from an author who has come through so much.

**DOCTOR IN LOVE.** By Richard Gordon. Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d. 188 pages.

THE medical students has long been a stock figure in English (and Scottish) comedy.

How well we know him by now! Putting his pipe in a variety of terrible digs as he swots at his medical text-books; rowdy and raucous in baggy trousers thinking up his hideous practical jokes; boyish and awkward with calf-love for the pretty nurses; owlishly flunking every exam, until steered through at last by his gruff but that is the hero (if that is the word) of innumerable farces, films and humorous short stories.

Has he, as one might expect, changed at all with the coming of the National Health Service? Not very much, if we are to trust Dr Gordon, the latest of whose variations on this not

unfamiliar theme follows the pattern of its predecessors. Here is young Dr Gordon still at St Swithin's still waiting for the Primary of the Royal College of Surgeons. Here he is feeling terribly ill and running through a whole catalogue of alarming diseases (typhoid, suspected glanders, psittacosis, or a mixture of cholera) and discovering it was jaundice after all.

Hospitalised in one of his own wards he judges in a coy love affair with the night nurse and is outplayed by a young colleague who has the advantage of being on his feet. But the nurse (and the Sister) ditches them both. "Woman," sighs Dr Gordon's bright and breezy young friend Grimsky, "A creature I once saw described in an American gynaecology book as 'A constipated bi-ped with pain in the back.'" There are lots of jokes like that as we follow young Gordon's early stages in the medical profession.



Richard Gordon

He falls his exam, through mistaking a cherry stone impacted on an appendix for a parotid duct. So he becomes assistant to a G.P. in a New Town north of London and does a little amateur psycho-analysis which all but lands him in a breach of promise.

When his principal clips his dise young Dr Gordon takes in his friend Grimsky as a lecture. "This is the slapstick sequence, with 'Grimsky ordering a new Bentley' ('Off income tax, my dear old lady') and indulging in some unethical advertising. His replacement is engaged by telegram: 'WORK HARD BUT FUN, HOPE YOU DRINK BEER, DR. GORDON!'"

DRIVING NOON TO-MORROW STOP YES I DRINK BEER DARRINGTON." But barrington on arrival turns out to be female—a lady doctor, and on the last lap towards marriage.

Consultations over microscopes and cardiographs lead up to the engagement, and the climax is delayed only by problems of house-hunting and ill-matching and one of those improbably farcical eye-of-a-wedding quarrels. Dr Gordon has found a successful formula, but I wonder if it's not beginning to run down. Of course, when we find a good joke we like to stick to it, but this one is getting a shade senile. If I were taken into consultation I should suggest that the patient needs something a good deal stronger than Dr Gordon's dilution of Wedhouse-and-water. I should prescribe a strong shot in the firm of invention.

## FICTION SHELF BY PHILIP OAKES

**THE VOLCANOES ABOVE US.** By Norman Lewis. Cape, 15s. Sardonic-told adventure story, about a love-seared young Englishman who joins an American-financed revolution in Guatemala, to win back his coffee plantation, seized by the State. Violence made meaningless, characters and country sharply seen. An excellent novel by a travel writer, to whom distance lends disenchantment.

**LOVE ME LITTLE.** By Amanda Vaill. Secker and Warburg, 10s. 6d. Very funny novel (allegedly by a 10-year-old authoress) about the efforts by an American teenager to 'get to grips with sex' during the summer vacation. Entirely successful, both as a satire on

the Francoise Sagan model, and as the low-down on the ritual habits of young America.

**TIME AND THE HOUR.** By Howard Spring. Collins, 16s. Long, gossip chronicle about characters already launched in the author's previous novels. This instalment begins in Bradford in 1912, and ends among the once-fair young things in London, just before World War II. Rather like a large box of chocolates; habit takes you to the end.

**THE BIG WAR.** By Anton Myer. Hamish, Hamilton, 18s. The title tells you almost all you need to know. The war is in the Pacific. The warriors—a newly-married veteran, a sensitive young poet, and a love-hungry Irishman—are Marines. And the conclusion is that humanity wins through. Decently-done, but overlong and sadly familiar.

**GIOVANNI'S ROOM.** By James Baldwin. Michael Joseph, 12s. Possibly the best, and certainly the frankest, novel about homosexuality for many years. Told in the first person by an American expatriate in Paris, who becomes involved with a handsome barman, when the girl he cannot quite decide to marry goes off to Spain. Tinged slightly with melodrama, but clearly and capably written.

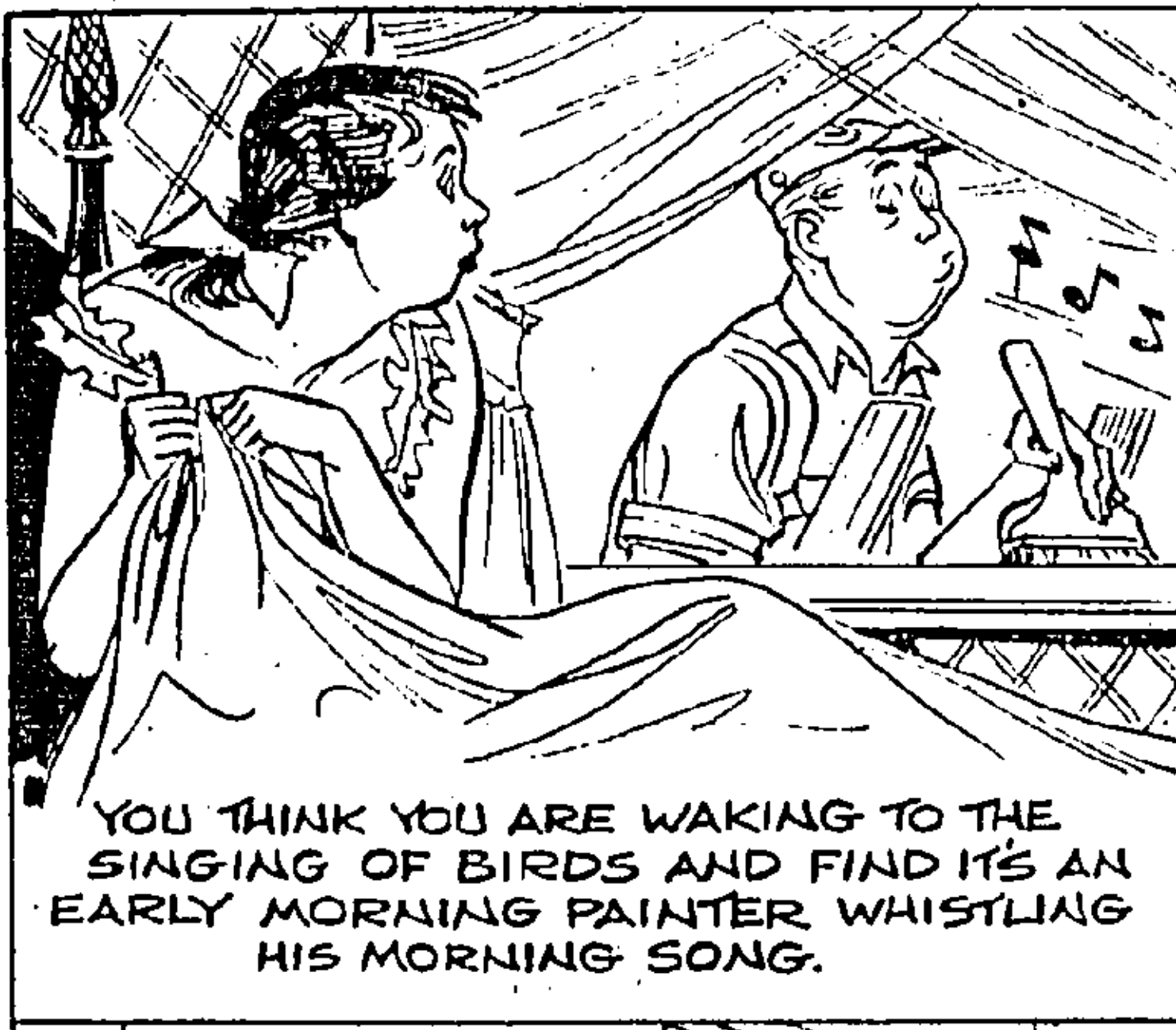
**THE ARTIFICIAL NIGGER.** By Flannery O'Connor. Spearman, 13s. 6d. Ten stories by a young American writer, all of them set in the moon-shine and hellfire reaches of the deep South. Random samples: an all-American family is butchered by a maniacal killer called The Misfit; a poor girl loses her artificial leg to a Bible salesman ("One time I got a woman's eye out this way," he said). Brilliant, brutal, and highly recommended.

**FURNISHED FOR MURDER.** By Elizabeth Ferrars. Crime Club, 10s. 6d. Double death in the Home Counties when a mysterious stranger moves into the furnished cottage, offered to let by a needy writer and his wife. Ingenious plot and excellent characterisation (especially the author, obsessed with tax troubles). Minor quibble: the alleged pinster attend a meeting of the Wives' Fellowship?

**THE NAME IS SMITH.** By Eric North. Dobson, 11s. 6d. Undercover Treasury man, armed with an automatic tucked in the false sole of his shoe, tangles with cheque forgers in and around Melbourne. Slapdash style and over-long attitudes, with unfamiliar Australian settings as some compensation.

**THE MAN WITH YELLOW SHOES.** By Anthony Heekstald-Smith. Winifred, 12s. 6d. Communist plot to sabotage the Suez Canal and start a holy war, fanned by using English author, recruited to the ranks of Miss. Splendid assortment of villains, including an Egyptian doctor with a beautiful wife and a German financier, and a German financier. Good cloak and dagger stuff.

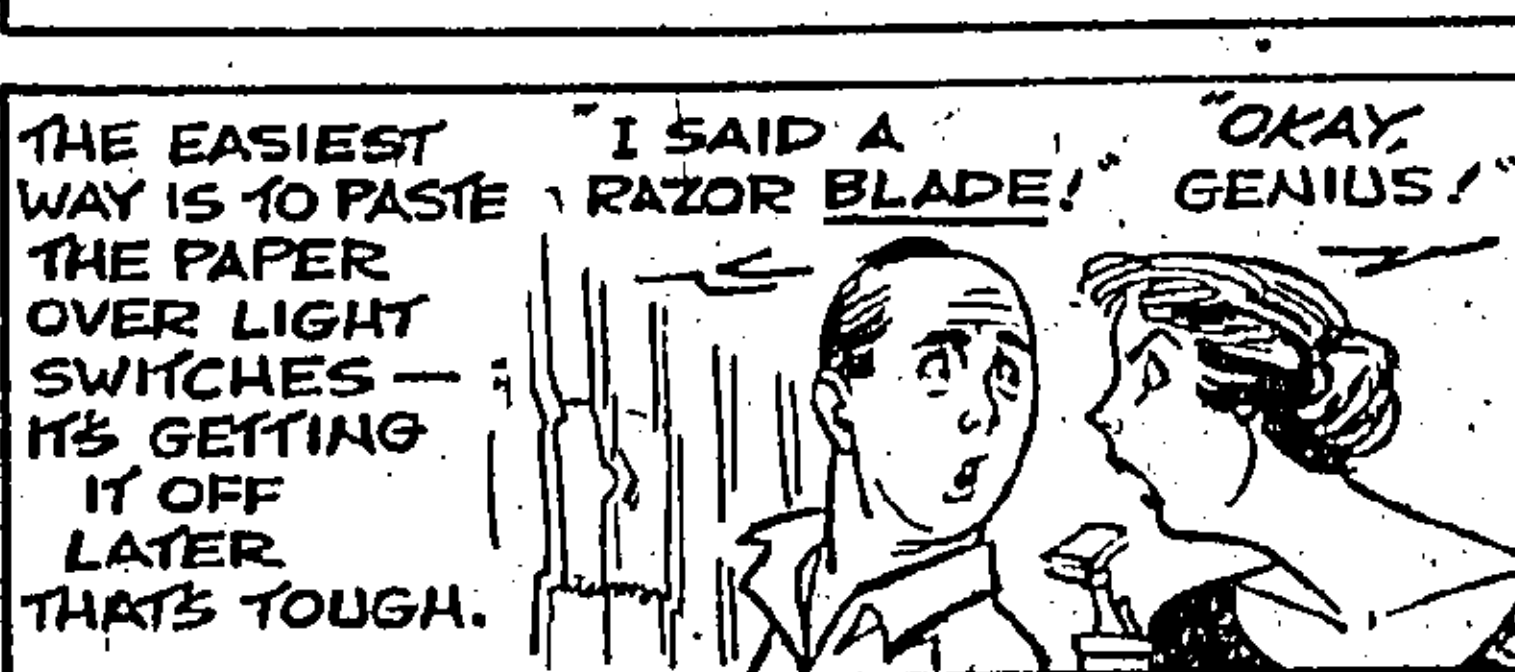
## VIGNETTES OF LIFE



## Painting And Papering



## By Harry Weinert









## THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB SECOND RACE MEETING

Saturday, 19th and Monday, 21st October, 1957  
(To be held under the Rules of the Hong Kong Jockey Club)

### THE PROGRAMME WILL CONSIST OF 22 RACES.

The First Race will be run at 1.30 p.m. and the First Race run at 2.00 p.m. on the 1st Day.  
On the 2nd Day the First Race will be run at 11.30 a.m. and the First Race run at 12.00 Noon. The 15min interval is after the Fourth Race (1.30 p.m.).  
The Secretary's Office at Alexandra House will close at 11.45 a.m. on the 1st Day and at 10.00 a.m. on the 2nd Day.

### MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE

NO PERSON WITHOUT A BADGE WILL BE ADMITTED.  
All persons MUST wear their badges prominently displayed throughout the meeting.

Admission Badges at \$10.00 each per day are obtainable from the Club's Cash Sweep Office, at Queen's Building, Chater Road, and 382 Nathan Road only on the written introduction of a Member, who will be responsible for all visitors introduced by him.  
Tickets will be obtainable at the Club House if ordered in advance from the No. 1 Box (Tel. 72811).  
The 6th Floor is restricted to Members and Ladies wearing Lady's Brooches.

NO CHILDREN will be admitted to the Club's premises during the Meeting. For this purpose a Child is a person under the age of seventeen years, Western Standard.

### PUBLIC ENCLOSURE

The price of admission will be \$3.00 each per day payable at the Gate.

Any person leaving the Enclosure will be required to pay the requisite fee of \$3.00 in order to gain re-admission.

MEALS and REFRESHMENTS will be obtainable in the RESTAURANT.

### SERVANTS

Servants must remain in their employers' boxes except for passing through on their duties. They may on no account use the Betting Booths or Pay Out Booths in the Enclosures.

### CASH SWEEPS

Through Cash Sweep Tickets at \$4.00 each may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices at Queen's Building, Chater Road, and 5, D'Aguiar Street during normal office hours and until 11.00 a.m. on the 1st Day of the Race Meeting.

Particular numbers within the series 1 to 3,000 may be reserved for all race meetings as Through Tickets. Such tickets will be issued consecutively only and the right is reserved by the Stewards to cancel any reservation for Through Tickets for a particular Meeting if it is found that sales may not reach the number reserved in the series 1 to 3,000.

In the case of two-day Race Meetings, Through Tickets may be purchased for each day of the Meeting provided that the second day is on a date not less than five days after the first day. In all other cases Through Tickets will only be sold for the whole Meeting.

Tickets reserved and available but not paid for by 10.00 a.m. on Friday, 18th October will be sold and the reservation cancelled for future Meetings.

Tickets over 3,000 will also be issued consecutively but particular numbers cannot be reserved as Through Tickets.  
The reservation of any particular number does not confer on the registered holder any rights whatsoever unless the ticket bearing the appropriate number is issued to and can be produced by the holder.

The Stewards reserve the right to refuse any subscription also the right to remove any name from Subscription Lists without stating reasons for their action.

### SPECIAL CASH SWEEP

Tickets for the Special Cash Sweep on the Kwangtung Handicap scheduled to be run on 19th October, 1957, at \$2.00 each, may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices.

### TOTALISATOR

Backers are advised not to destroy or throw away their tickets until after the "all clear" signal has been exhibited.

ALL WINNING TICKETS and TICKETS FOR REFUNDS MUST BE PRESENTED FOR PAYMENT AT THE RACE COURSE ON THE DAY TO WHICH THEY REFER, NOT LATER THAN ONE HOUR AFTER THE TIME FOR WHICH THE LAST RACE OF THE DAY HAS BEEN SCHEDULED TO BE RUN.

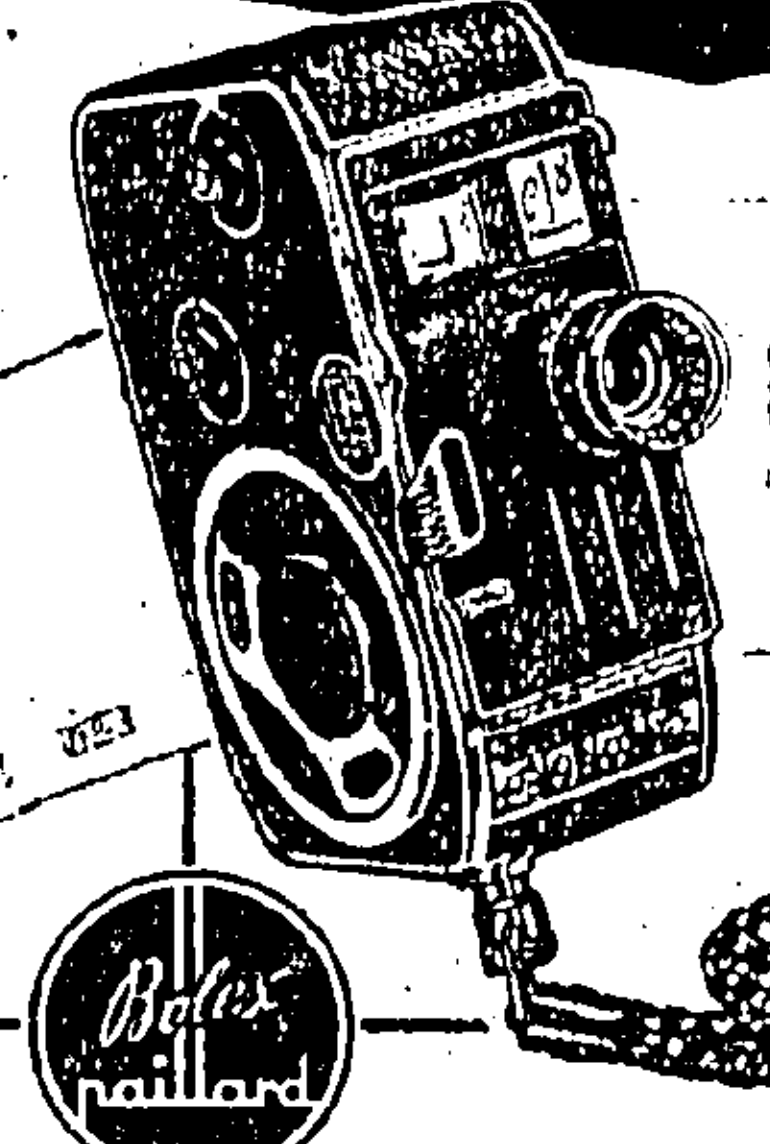
PAYMENTS WILL NOT BE MADE ON TORN OR DISFIGURED TICKETS.

Bookmakers, Tie Men, etc. will not be permitted to operate within the precincts of the Hong Kong Jockey Club.

By Order of the Stewards,

A. E. ARNOLD,  
Secretary.

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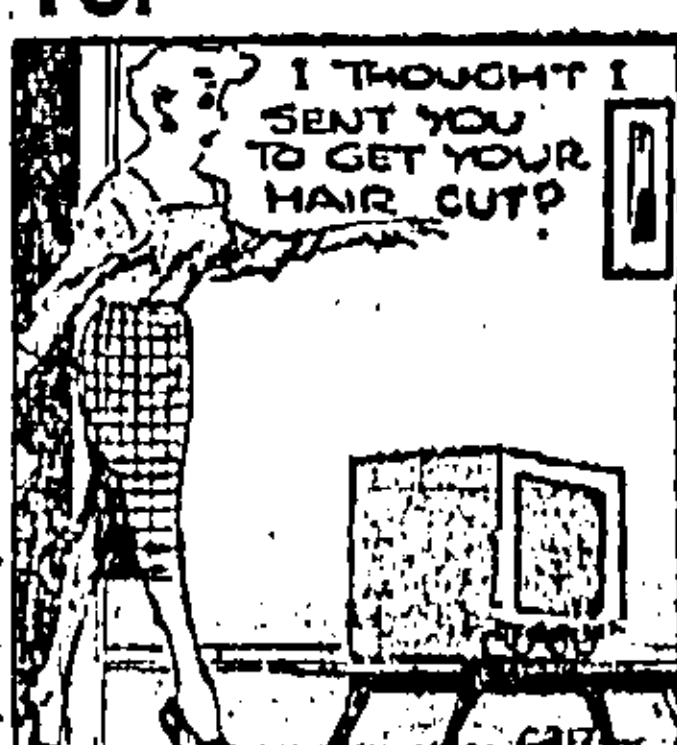


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### POP



### Balderdash



# MORE LIKE AMERICAN FOOTBALL THAN SOCCER

## It Certainly Wasn't Stamina Over A Full Ninety Minutes

Says I. M. MacTAVISH

Our soccer visitors from Israel have come and gone. Somewhere around 65,000 spectators saw them in action and if for nothing else we shall recall this series for the early season controversy it has stimulated. The last thing I wish to do is decry the merit of the two victories scored against us by Hapoel. On the strength of the shows we put up in the first and third games we deserved nothing better than the defeats which came our way... defeats that were near to being a humiliation in as much as they were suffered by specially selected teams in which — in many cases — the players failed miserably to produce any semblance of the form on which their original selection was based.

It is still early in the season and under different circumstances one might find it easy to suggest that the players were still playing themselves into form... but our Chinese players cannot hope for such an excuse to be offered on their behalf for they have been playing throughout the summer and have already had a fair ration of match practice since their return to the Colony.

Rumour, speculation, and almost direct accusation has been levelled against some of the men who turned out in the first game... and some of the reports in the vernacular press were far from being complimentary to the team.

For a long time we have prided ourselves in the fitness of Colony representative sides. Yet in this series our boys looked leaden-footed and short of a yard of speed... and throughout the three games they were never able to match the Hapoel players in basic physical fitness. It was noticeable too that in all the games the visitors were playing as hard as ever at the end while, to use a familiar phrase, most of our men were "on their knees", but I shall take a different aspect of this later on.

### Important Features

To me that was one of the most important features of the series and I believe with important games ahead it is something which the Council of the HKFA will have to consider. But it will surely not be the only "Hapoel" subject on the agenda at the next meeting. In fact if only half the stories about what this and that Councilor is going to raise are true, then the Secretary had better get some special "Hapoel" tapes for the new tape recorder which is now an important witness to all that is said at the Association's meetings.

So much has already been spoken and written about the alleged strange goings-on behind the scenes of the opening game that I intend to let the subject rest for the present. I believe there will be enough activity in the matter without any preading from me.

Several points of academic interest arose out of the series and from my discussions with officials and enthusiasts I am sure that the most controversial was the decision of the HKFA to permit the wholesale use of substitutes during the three games.

### Blatant Abuse

There were times when it looked more like an American football game than a soccer match as Hapoel officials called this and that man out and sent in reinforcements... from the boys on the bench at the side of the field. This was the most blatant abuse of the spirit of the substitution rule I have ever seen. Injury was seldom the criterion and this was one more warning to those advocates of the idea.

I was rather amused at a com-

ment credited to the manager of the Israel team after the last game when he attributed the team's victory to their stamina over the full 90 minutes. That must surely stick as the classic statement of the season... for in truth many of his players never played the full ninety minutes in the entire series!

### Strange Advantages

But there are apparently strange advantages in the substitution idea. For example, last Sunday I stood near Chaiyale while he received much sympathy on his indisposition and on the fact that he would not be able to turn out. He was apparently suffering from a fever, but when his team was trailing by five goals to one at the halfway stage, he apparently made a swift recovery for he turned out large as life in the second half without any visible effects of his illness.

Now while I can applaud Chaiyale's team spirit on the one hand, I find the whole idea of substitutions and vulnerability of the system unacceptable on the other. Just to add further interest to the idea we had twelve Hapoel players on the field at two brief stages in the final game... this happened when the substitute and the substituted met on their way to and from "active service."

Abuse of the substitution rule makes a travesty of the game and a mockery of results. One could find little pleasure, for example, in seeing Henderson score Hongkong's fourth goal on Sunday when — fresh as a daisy — he joined in the proceedings about 15 minutes before the end. But his goal killed Hapoel's spirit and the game was won and lost.

If we are going to have international football in the Colony let us play it in accordance with some set of accepted rules. If we must agree to substitutes then let us stick to FIFA's directives on the subject... and let us make sure our opponents do the same. The "Old Pals Act" serves nobody well... and when, as happened with this Israel team, we were officially given inaccurate line-ups even before the kick-off, one gets a bit tired of seeing footballers making entries and exits like actors in some sporting pageant rather than like men taking part in a game of football.

### Field Control

Generally the field control of the three games was satisfactory and, apart from the fact that there will always be disagreement on the interpretation of obstruction when teams from different countries are in opposi-

tion, this series was played out without any major incident, and that in spite of the fact that the variations in style of the opposing players sometimes led to dark scowls being exchanged.

However, keen followers of the game must have wondered about a couple of points. In the first game, for example, we lost count of the times the referee in charge ignored the flag signals from his linesmen... and also the number of times he gave decisions that were at variance with the opinions of the men with the flag.

I am... as most readers of this column know... an active advocate of the referee being boss, and I have always been a critic of the weak whistler who has sought the assistance of his linesman when he himself has been in a better position to give a clear and prompt decision. I do not swerve from these opinions one little bit... but at the same time I find it very hard to believe that fully qualified officials who happen to be on the lines for a particular game can be wrong as often as the linesmen in the first game of this series were made to appear. From my own particular vantage point I agreed with the linesmen several times and thought that the referee was in error, particularly when he gave offside decisions from an unadvantageous position and against the judgement of a better placed linesman.

I have heard this matter discussed at great length by keen football followers and I have found that generally the weight of opinion has been in favour of the linesmen... in spite of a deliberate appreciation of a strong man with the whistle.

### The Third Game

The incident in the third game which intrigued me centred round the moment when the referee held up the play while he subjected曹浩 Spiegel to the indignity of being "marched" from a position near his team's goal to the vicinity of the clubhouse.

I appreciate fully the rules about coaching from the sidelines... and I appreciate too that a referee is within his rights in ordering an offender to stop his sideline coaching activities... but I simply cannot find any justification or authority for the dictatorial attitude which humiliated Spiegel beyond the limits a soccer official — albeit a minor offender — can reasonably be expected to accept meekly from another. Spiegel's quiet withdrawal prevented what might have been an unfortunate... as well as an unnecessary... scene.

Our soccer life is certainly never dull....

### SPORTING SAM

By Reg. Wootton



### THIS AFTERNOON'S RUGGER

## Club "B" Most Troubled By HKRU Decision To Rest The Tourists

### By "PAK LO"

With the major part of the Colony team sailing from here on Monday, the HKRU have very naturally decreed that all those travelling on Monday will not play this week-end for their respective clubs.

As a result of this the Club "B" has had a lot of trouble in finding sufficient men to make up their numbers. Most of those called on at the last moment are bankers and are unable to leave early in the afternoon, so that it was impossible for the Club "B" to field a full side at Sek Kong anywhere near the time scheduled.

The HKRU has therefore given permission for the ground to be changed to Army Boundary Street, and the Club "B" game with 48 Brigade will take place there at 4.30 p.m.

To enable this match to be played the original game scheduled to commence at 3.30 p.m. has been put forward to 3.15 p.m.

This one is between the Royal Navy and the Police. Both the other two games are at Kai Tak. The Club "A" v RAF game is scheduled for 3.15 p.m., and following this at 4.20 p.m. will be the match between the Garrison and RAF Mainland.

### According To Plan

The other afternoon I mentioned a rumour that the arrangements for the journey of Colony team to Malaya had met with a setback. I am assured that this is incorrect, and that everything is going according to plan.

As might be expected today's games are extremely difficult to forecast as many of the teams are much weakened. Weakest in comparison with a fortnight ago is the Navy.

As usual the Silent Service has lost most of its ships, and many of its remaining players are on the sick list. That the Navy will turn out a team is never in question, but it will not have the power in the thirds or halves that it has shown of late and it is just possible that the Police could produce the first surprise of the season. The Police have lost two men to the Colony side, Cunningham, their hooker, being the most important, but this week they have a fast three line with a strong pair of centres in Scott and Sievin.

On the whole, though, the Navy have the better pack and thus greater control of the ball.

and should in theory win, but a Police win would come as no great surprise.

Club "A", again weakened, should manage to produce a victory over RAF Island, for they still have O'Kelly, to whom the HKRU's decision does not apply, and this means that their defence is unlikely to be pierced to any great extent.

The Islanders are pinning their hopes on their new centre, but whether he will provide sufficient impetus to his side remains to be seen. Certainly in their recent friendly against HMS Modeste, Little Sai Wan, which forms a large part of the Island team, won by the large score of 39-0, suggested that they will be a danger to many teams this season, but the Club has a heavy, strong pack who should get the lion's share of the ball, and their three, if on form, are capable of scoring against most defences. The Club "A" look the most likely winners then for this game.

### Most Unlikely

The Club "B" on the other hand, facing 48 Brigade with a scrum side, are very unlikely to pull off a surprise, for while the Club pack is fairly strong the three have not settled down as yet and their handling is suspect. On the whole then another win for 48 Brigade.

The game between RAF Mainland and Garrison is not the hardest to forecast. Garrison have the stronger three, and they have plenty of speed amongst them, and all have proved their ability before now to score and score readily when given the opportunity.

Mainland have a fair pack and should take an equal share of

the lineouts and scrums to a large extent, but whether their three can make as much use of the ball as the Garrison is more doubtful.

This should turn out to be a good win for Garrison, and yet another defeat for RAF Mainland.

The games which were postponed last Saturday due to the Colony v. Rest match are still postponed and just when they take place is a matter for conjecture at the moment.

### How They Stand

Here is the table of the previous series to date.

	P	W	D	L	T	A	Pts
Garrison	3	2	0	0	26	6	4
48 Bde	3	2	0	0	20	11	4
Navy	1	0	1	0	41	5	2
RAF Id	1	0	1	0	14	3	2
Police	1	0	1	0	6	0	2
Club "A"	1	0	1	0	1	8	2
Club "B"	1	0	1	0	1	8	2
RAF Main	0	0	0	3	0	0	0

### Today's Teams

Police: Johnston, O'Brien, Scott, Shaw, Molloy, Walker, Ryan, Walsh, Purves, Shelley, Forsyth, Brown, Bryne, Daniels, Miller, Club "A": Kirkwood, A. J. O'Brien, Dillworth, MacCallum, Stone, D. Blair, Tancock, Brown, Kilvert, Berge, A. N. O'Brien, Swinley, Sims, Summers, King.  
Club "B": O'Kelly, Cooke, Cheung, Fain, Ingle, Edwards, Edwards, Whitlock, Martin, Smeaton, Ross, Carpenter, Gault, Wright, Eddick, Garrison: Busby, Hayward, Gaddie, Newbury, Rod, Gilbertson, Robertson, Cook, Lowe, Howell, Chidge, Linn, John, Mahoney, Evans.  
RAF Island: Gilliland, Hamilton, Laidie, Cornan, Cook, Taylor, Hildrew, Bell, Bernal, B. Taylor, Elmore, Aldridge, Watt, Southwick, North.  
Navy: Freeman, Evans, Farmer, Atkey, Moore, Andrew, Graham, Allen, Isaacs, Lockyer, Guy, Hastings, 48 Brigade: Leonard, Brown, Smith, Bales, Cunningham, Jones, Ashworth, Linnam, Southgate, Morrison, Mansder, Munro, Jull, Westcott, Chorlton.

## SPORTS QUIZ

- With which sports do you associate the following:  
J. T. Bosquet, Mervyn Wood and Harry Hibbs?
- Some gentlemen from Milwaukee have just caused a sporting upset. Who are they?
- What have they done?
- How high is the wicket in cricket, (a) 28 ins. (b) 38 ins. (c) 48 ins.?
- What are the baseball equivalents for the following cricket terms: (a) wicketkeeper, (b) batsman, (c) bowler?
- Which members of a boat crew face each other?
- Disguised nicknames. Who were (a) an aircraft painted brown, (a) a slow-moving mountain?
- When does a fly become a bantam?
- What sports take place at Murrenfeld, Silverstone and Enderby?
- Nationalities please of the following sportsmen: Hashim Khan, Paofo, Coppi and Willie Towner.

(Answers see Page 17.)

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# JUNIOR LEAGUE GIANTS HOLD SPOTLIGHT

## Champion Seminoles Cross Bats Tomorrow With The Cheyennes

By "TIME OUT"

It is confidently expected that a large and highly partisan crowd will fill every available seat in the stands tomorrow afternoon when the two giants of the Junior League, the champion Seminoles and their bitter rivals the Cheyennes, cross bats at 2 p.m. in what should turn out to be the best game in another full schedule of softball fixtures over the holidays. The Senior division is not devoid of interest as the only two unbeaten teams, the Saints and the PI Dodgers, will be all out to keep their slates clean when they meet the US Navy and the Hongkong Pandas respectively. Two Junior League games are down for decision this afternoon, the more interesting of which will see Sheridan Hamet's Comets facing some sort of opposition from Fred Diesta's PI Dodgers.

At the start of the season just over a month ago both sides had the problem that plagues most teams—that of acquiring the services of a suitable pitcher. Whilst Hamet has been fortunate enough to spring a surprise on Junior League Softball by introducing a very promising discovery in the form of John Goodair, Diesta has had no such luck. In the first two games the Dodgers found the going very heavy although they eventually notched up a pair of victories. If Goodair can keep up his good work on the mound the heavier batting of his teammates should give the Comets their third successive victory of the season.

sheung and Margaret Lam is one of the best in the Ladies' League. Backed by a fast moving defence and vastly superior batting power the champs should pound the opposition into submission within five short innings and it would be very surprising if the Caroline Hilliers do not run up double figures in the 'runs for' column in the score sheet.

The 11.30 a.m. game is certain to attract a capacity crowd as Fred Diesta has now served notice to all concerned that he will not stop short of the Senior League Pennant. No one can doubt his intentions when it is revealed that he has added to the PI Dodgers' roster two redoubtable players, ex-Brave Antonio Gutierrez and ex-Blackhawk Budji Dhabber whose presence in the batting parade will be felt by D. S. Ling's Pandas in this game. With Vic Pedruco handling the on base chores and the two latest acquisitions probably doing outfield duty the Pandas may be in for a spot of trouble. The Dodgers have some speedy players but they will have to get on base first and this won't be easy against a rejuvenated Pandas line still basking in the glow of last week's magnificent victory over the Warriors.

The pitching should be of a high standard since Jackie Wei will be pitting an experienced arm and brain work against Vic Pedruco's sheer brute strength and the outcome of this game will hinge on the respective

performances of these two hurlers. I honestly wish I could forecast a draw—but then there is no such thing in softball.

The biggest attraction of the day is reserved for 2 p.m. when the two top teams in the Junior League clash. Ed Carvalho's Seminoles, last year's champions and pre-season favourites to repeat, boast one of the strongest line-ups in the minor division with long-ball hitters like Rogério Grace, Peter Almeida, Johnson, Shen and Bernard Lee spearheading the attack.

Pitcher Lal Dayaram felled miserably to make any sort of impression in an exhibition game against an All-Star squad which included several Cheyenne players. He made up for this poor showing by nearly shutting out the University a fortnight ago but then the Cheyennes are not exactly in the same class as the Pokfulam boys and Dayaram will have to pull up his socks if he expects to lead his side to victory.

### No Pushovers

Robert Remedios' Cheyennes are no pushovers. They can call upon an even more impressive array of sluggers for this game. With "Cigar" Sequira on the mound presently showing extremely good form and with such stalwarts as lefty Manager Remedios himself, Gerry Noronha, Manuel Xavier, Eric Remedios and Eddie Ribeiro the Cheyennes, should they not become victims of big-game nervousness, should walk away with this highly important game and be the first team to make Carvalho's boys eat humble pie.

In the only Senior match of the day, Dimbi Abiong's ageless Saints take on the US Navy side represented by the USS "Orca" at 3.30 p.m. The Saints could field all their reserves in this game and still emerge easy winners. The only honour the Navy is expected to win this season will come their way only if the Association decides to award the "MOST VALUABLE PLAYER" of the year as so far the only thing worthy of mention of the US Navy's performances to date is their lively banter during their games.

Taking full advantage of Monday's free periods, the Association has re-scheduled two Junior League games that were earlier postponed because of inclement weather. At 10.30 a.m. the Seminoles will show Wah Ying how softball should be played and the second lesson in this course will be taught to the War Eagles by the Cheyennes in the 2.00 p.m. game.

### FIRST TIME



Members of the victorious British Ryder Cup team chair their captain, Dai Rees, as he holds aloft the trophy after the Americans, had been beaten—for the first time in 24 years—at Lindrick, Sheffield, on October 5. Chaiing Rees are — Bernard Hunt (left) and Ken Bousfield. Bousfield it was who clinched the match with the sixth singles win — over Lionel Herbert. More than 20,000 spectators cheered and clapped Britain's long-awaited victory.—Reuterphoto.

### TED DRAKE SAYS

## I AM PROUD OF MY CHELSEA KIDS

My faith in youth was always great. It has rocketed higher now than at any time in my life because of the way my wonderful Chelsea kids have met the ordeal of being launched wholesale on football's toughest testing ground—the First Division.

Two months ago, the bottom seemed to have dropped out of my world. That was when the two key men in my plans to build a "new" Chelsea were snatched from the side by injury—big Stan Wicks, centre-piece of the defence, now out of football for good... Frank Blunsome, "old man" of the forwards at 22, for the rest of 1957. I was shaken more than words can say. Yet these things must be faced.

The fledglings had to be thrown in at the deep end and I'm proud of every one of them. My forward line of Peter Brabrook, Jimmy Greaves, Ronnie Tindall, Tony Nicholas, and Michael Block settled down faster and more effectively than I had dared hope—and there are others on the way up.

### My Plan

The Chelsea junior scheme is now 10 years old, but I laid down the extreme policy of youth two years ago, after Chelsea had become Champions for the first time. That side was getting on in years. I knew then there was no alternative but to rebuild, so I drew up a five-year plan for finding, moulding, blood-ing, and finally producing the players fit to make Chelsea one of Soccer's great powers by 1960.

During the past eight weeks that schedule has advanced faster than I could ever have visualised. But, remember, we are only just in the third year of my five-year plan. We are still feeling our way. We aren't aiming at the moon this season. In fact, if we finish in the top half-dozen I'll be delighted. But, at the present rate of progress, I think that next season we should be ready for a tilt at the top.

Please don't think I'm youth-crazy. In my team the best player for the job will always get it, and, in any case, I have to be satisfied that, besides ability, a boy has the physical strength to stand up to League football.

An example of this is David Cliss a cracking little inside forward of 17.

David, too, might have been seen in Chelsea's first team by now, his ability warrants it, but he is being held back for his own good.

Tuesday mornings are the key to the success of my up-and-coming youngsters. I run them more important than match days, because that's when the youngsters have their first bleeding with senior players in full-scale practice games.

Also that is where we make experiments that could not be played in League matches.

Quick Start

An example of this is young Peter Brabrook. He joined my

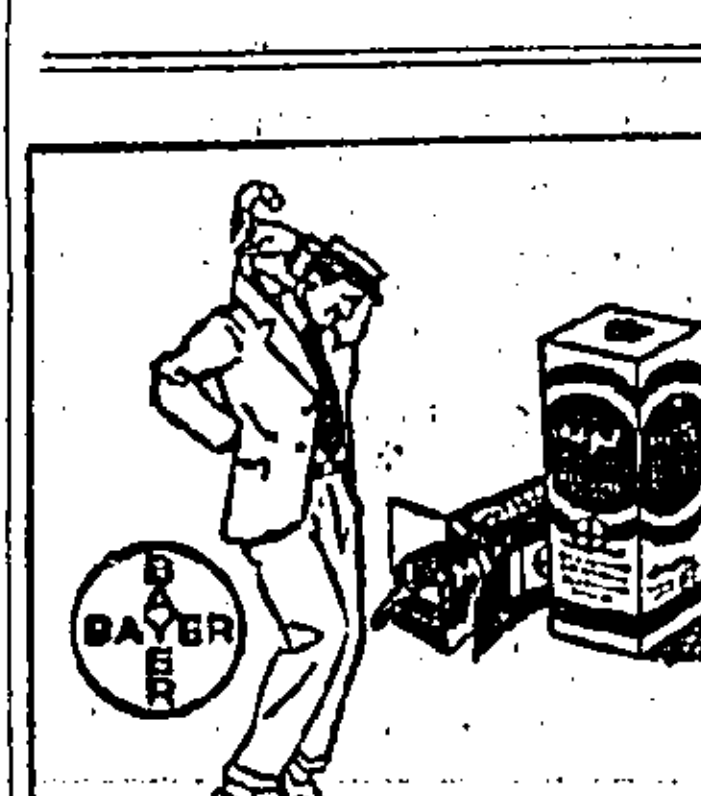


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### Sports Diary

**Racing**  
Draw of the Kwangtung Handicap, Cash Sweep at 11.30 a.m.  
First Day of Second Race Meeting, at Happy Valley, 2 p.m.  
**Cricket**  
1st Division: Army "South" v Reserve, HKCC v Scorpions v HKCC Police v Navy, KCC v "North", "Optimists", Navy v Army "North", 2nd Division: DBS v KCC "Wasps", HKU v Dockyard, RAF v Centaur, KGV v Police, KCC "Hornetts" v Army "North", Army "South" v IRC.  
**Bowls**  
Gutierrez Shield: Semi-final, China v Malaya, Ireland v Australia at HKCC, 3 p.m.  
**Baseball**  
1st Division: Tung Wah v HKCC (CHI), Police v Club (BS) at 6 p.m. Reserve Division: Tung Wah v KMB (CHI), Police v Club (BS) at 3.30 p.m.  
**Gymnastics**  
2nd Division: Gymnastics v RAF Sal Wan (Club), 3.30 p.m.; REMB v Prisoners (Club) 6 p.m.; Taihook v St Joseph's (HIV) 8 p.m.  
**3rd Division**  
University v RLL castle (HIV) 3.30 p.m.; Dodwell v Waysoong PSA (HIV) 6 p.m.  
**Rugby**  
RAF Island v Club "A" (Kai Tak) 3.15 p.m.; RAF Mainland v Garrison (Kai Tak) 4.30 p.m.; Royal Navy v Police (Boundary Street) 3.30 p.m.; 48 Side v Club "B" (Sek Kong) 3.30 p.m.  
**Shooting**  
Triangular Interport Shoot at Hongkong Gun Club.

### Answers To Sports Quiz

1. Cricket, rowing and association football.
2. The Milwaukee Braves baseball team.
3. They have beaten hot favourites New York Yankees in the World Series.
4. 28 ins
5. (a) Catcher (b) striker (c) pitcher.
6. The cax and the stroke.
7. (a) The Brown Bomber—Joe Louis (b) the Ambling Alp—Ernie Carnert.
8. When a boxer moves up from flyweight to bantamweight.
9. Rugby union, motor-racing and golf.
10. Pakistani, Italian and South African.

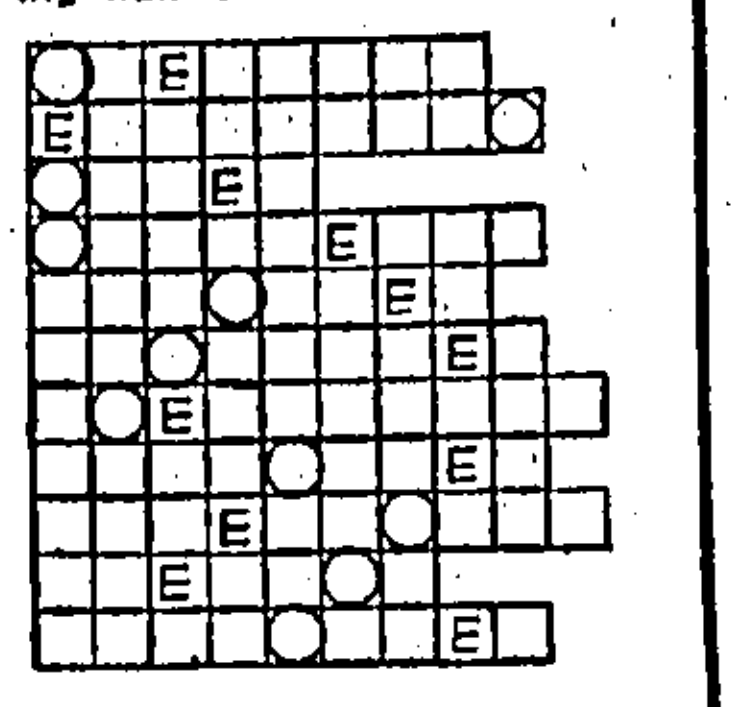
### Ever-Sporting

Immediately afterwards the ever-sporting University boys take on the War Eagles in what should turn out to be an interesting contest for both sides' defences leave much to be desired. This should be a game the fortunes of which will be dictated by superior hitting power, with the War Eagles holding a slight edge in this department. However, an upset is not beyond the realm of possibility for the University are a much improved batting side.

The only ladies' game of the week gets going tomorrow at 10 a.m. when the current favourites and champions South China take on a gallant Hongkong University side. The South China battery of Yim Lai-

### NAMESAKES

INSTRUCTIONS: Fill in the spaces against each of the clues below with a word related to my life. The letters in circles spell out my name. Who am I?



Solution on back page.

### BE SPECIFIC



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### THE WEEK-END GAMBOLS by Barry Appleby

